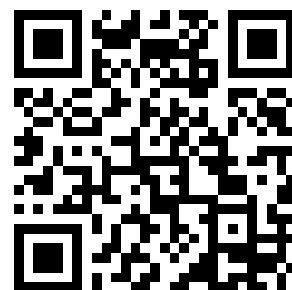

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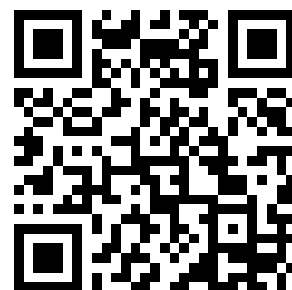
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Le
Morte Arthur.

Le
Morte Arthur.
The Adventures
of
Sir Launcelot du Lake.



LONDON :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BULMER AND CO.

Shakspeare Printing-Office.

1819.

TO
THE MEMBERS
OF
The Roxburghe Club,

THIS ROMANCE
OF
MORTE ARTHUR,

(NOW FIRST PRINTED)

IS DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THOMAS PONTON.

June 17, 1819.

THE Poem here presented to the Members of the Roxburghe Club, is preserved among the Manuscripts in the Harleian Library (No. 2252), and is thought by Wanley to have been translated from the French about the reign of King Henry VII. A minute and not uninteresting account of it will be found in the first volume of Mr. Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances;" but in the Extracts given (from it) in that work, the language has been modernised, and some obvious errors of spelling corrected. It has been thought that it would be more acceptable to those for whose use the present copies are designed, if given literally, and without an attempt at any other correction than punctuation; it is here therefore faithfully printed from the original manuscript in the British Museum, with all its abbreviations, obsolete words and spelling, and literal and grammatical errors. Towards the middle of the manuscript a leaf has been torn out, which gap is distinguished by a break in the printing; it is probable, however, that the 136 lines which are wanting would be of little, if any interest, since no part of the story, as observed by Mr. Ellis, appears to be missing. In conformity with the title given to it at the conclusion of the work, it is here called the Romance of Morte Arthur, but it is almost exclusively occupied in relating the adventures of Sir Launcelot du Lake, and the many perils and dangers to which that knight was exposed in the prosecution of his amours with Guenever, King Arthur's queen. A fac-simile is prefixed of the two different hands in which the Poem appears to have been written; and for the spirited design on the title page, which represents the intrusion of Sir Agravaine and his companions on the slumbers of the guilty pair, and the punishment inflicted by Sir Launcelot on their temerity, the Members of the Roxburghe Club are indebted to the kindness and distinguished taste of one of their own Body.

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For dymgys that ar leff and deye
lyfynyth and I shall yon tell
By old dayes what mynture was
Amonge onys & ldyng pat by selle
In Arthure dayes that noble kyng
By selle amytur feyly fele
And I shall telle of these endynge
That mykett wiste of wo and wale
The knyghtis of the table round
The sangrayte whan they had sought
Amytur that they by fore them found
Hym self and to end brought
There enemyes they bette & bond
For gold on lyf they lefte them noght
Howe yere they lyved found
Whan they had these wyght wrought

Off lancelot dylake telle I no more
But thus by lde these sumptuous dayes
And yet is Arthure leryed there
And quene ~~Gawyn~~ Gagnony as I yow nodyn
W monkes that ar byght of lope
They lude and synge w mylde stodye
In that suffred woundes fore
Grant us all the blyss of Godys

Amen

Replyat to morte Arthure



ordingis, that ar leff And dere,
lystenpth, and I shall pou tell,
By old dapes what aunturs were
Amonge oure eldris pat by felle :
In Arthur dapes, that noble kinge,
By felle Aunturs ferly fele ;
And I shall telle of there endinge

That mykell wiste of wo and wele.
The knightis of the table Round,
The sangraple whan they had sought,
Aunturs that they by fore them found
Fynisshid, and to end brought ;
Their enemyes they bette & bond,
For gold on lyff they leste them noght ;
Foure pere they lyved sound
Whan they had these werkis wrought :
Tille on atyme y^t it by felle
The kinge in bed lay by the quene,
Off Aunturs they by ganne to telle
Many that in y^t land had bene :
“ Sir, yif that it were poure wille,
Of a wondir thinge I wold pou mene,
How poure courte by gynnypth to spill
Off duoghty knightis all by dene.
Spr, poure hono^r by gynnys to falle,
That wont was wide in world to sprede,
Off launcelott, and of other all,
That euyr so doughty were in dede.”
“ Dame, there to thy counsell I calle
What were best for suche anede.”

" piff þe pour honoure hold shalle,
 Atturnement were best to bede,
 For why, that Muntre shall by gynne
 And by spoke of on every spde,
 That knightis shall there worship wyne
 To dede of Armys for to fynde;
 Sir, lettis thus poure courte no blynne
 But lybe in honour and in pride."
 " Certys, dame," the kinge said thenne,
 " Thys ne shall no lenger abyde."
 Atturnement the kinge lett bede,
 At Wyndchester shuld it be,
 Ponge Galehod was good in nede,
 The Chestepne of the Crpe was he,
 With knightis þat were stiff on stede,
 That ladyes and maydens might se
 Who that beste were of dede
 Thrughe doughtynesse to haue the gre.
 Knightis Arme them by dene
 To the turnemente to fynde,
 With sheldis brode and helmys shene
 To wyne grete honoure and pride.
 launcelot lefte wityhe the quene,
 And seke he lap that pike tyde,
 for loue þat was thepm by twene
 he made incheysoun for to abyde.
 The kyng satte vppon his stede,
 And forthe is went vppon his way,
 Sir Agrabeyne for suche anede
 At home by lefte, for soth to say,

For men told in many a thede
 That launcelot by the quene lay,
 For to take them w^t the dede
 He waytes both nyght and day.
 launcelott forth wendys he
 Unto the chambyr to the quene,
 And sette hym downe vpon his kne
 And salues there that lady shene;
 "launcelott what dostow here w^t me,
 The kinge is went and y^e courte by dene,
 I drede we shall discoverid be
 Off the love is vs by twene;
 Sir agrabayne at home is he,
 nyght & day he waytes vs two;"
 "Nay," he sayd, "my lady fre,
 I ne thinke not it shall be so;
 I come to take my leue of the,
 Oute of courte or that I go."
 "ya swithe pat thou Armpd be,
 For thy dwellynge me is full wooo."
 launcelott to his chambyr pede,
 where Riche atpre lay hym by fore,
 Armpd hym in noble wede,
 Off that Armure gentilly was shore;
 Swerd and sheld were good at nede
 In many bataples y^e he had bore,
 And horsyd hym on agrey stede
 kpng Arthur had hym pebe by fore;
 haldys he none highe way,
 The knight y^e was hardy and fre

Bot hastis bothe night and day
 Faste toward that Riche Cite,
 Wynchester it hight, for sothe to say,
 There the turnament shuld be.
 kinge Arthur in acastell lay,
 Full myche there was of gam and gle,
 For why, men wold launcelott by hold
 And he ne wold not hym self shewe ;
 Wyth his shuldres gonne he fold,
 And downe he hangid his hede full low,
 As he ne might his lymys weld
 Kepit he no bugle blotwe,
 Wele he semyd As he were old,
 For thy ne couth hym no man knowe.
 The kinge stode on atoure on highte,
 Sir Ewayne clepis he p^r tyde,
 " Spr ewayne, knowistow any wight
 This knight pat Rides here by spde ?"
 Sir Ewayne spekis wordis Right
 That Ap is hend is not to hyde,
 " Sir, it is som old knyghte
 Is come to se pe ponge knyghts Ride."
 They by held hym bothe Anone
 A stounde for the stedis sake,
 his hors stomelpd at astone
 That alle his body there w^t gan shake ;
 The knight pan brandisshid yche abone
 As he the bridelle by gan take,
 There by wiste they bothe Anone
 That it was launcelott du lake.

kynge Arthur than spekis he
 To sir ebtwayne there wordis right,
 "Welle may launcelot holden be
 Off alle pe world the beste knight
 Off biaute and of bounte,
 And sithe is none so moche of myght,
 At euery dede beste is he,
 And sithe he nold it wist no might
 Sir Ebtwayn will we done hym hyde,
 he wenys pat we know hym noght."
 "Sir, it is better lette hym hide,
 And lette hym do as he hath thoght,
 he wolde be here nere by spide
 Sithe he pus ferre hedyr hath sought,
 We shalle hym know by his dede
 And by the hors pat he hath brought."
 An Erle wompd there be spide
 The lord of Escolot was hight,
 launcelot gonne thedyr hide,
 And sayd, he wolde there dwell all night.
 They ressepyd hym w grete pryde,
 A Riche soper there was dight,
 his name gan he hele and hyde,
 And sayd, he was a strange knight;
 Channe had the erle sommys two,
 That were knightis makid netwe;
 In pat tyme was the maner so,
 Whan ponge knightis shuld sheldis show,
 Tille þe friste pere were a goo
 To bere Armys of one helwe,

Rede, or white, pelew, or bloo,
 There by men ponge knyghts knew.
 As thep satte at there sopere
 launcelot to the erle spake thare,
 " Sir, ys here Any Bachelere
 That to the turnament wolles fare ?"
 " I haue two sommys that me is dere,
 And now that oon is seke full sare,
 So in compaigne y^e he were
 myne other sonne I wold were thare :"
 " Sir, and thy sonne wille thedir fight,
 The lenger I wolles hym abyde,
 And helpe hym there wth all my myght,
 That hym none harme shall be tyde."
 " Sir, the semyg anoble knyght,
 Courteyse and hend is not to hyde ;
 At morow shall ye dyne and dight
 To gedir I rede welle pat ye ride."
 " Syr, of one thinge I wolles pou myne,
 And be seche pou for to spede,
 yif here were Any Armys inne
 That I might borow it to this dede ;"
 " Sir, my sonne lieth seke here in,
 Take his Armure and his stede,
 For my sommys men shall pou kenne,
 Off Rede shall be your bothis wede."
 Therle had adoughter pat was hym dere,
 Wykell launcelott she be held,
 hys Rode was rede as blossom on brere,
 Or floure pat springith in the feld ;

Glad she was to sitte hym nere,
 The noble knight vnder sheld,
 Wepinge was hyr moste chere
 So mykell on hym hyr herte gan held;
 Up than rose pat mayden stille,
 And to hyr chamber wente she tho,
 Downe vppon hir bedde she felle
 That nighe hyr herte brast in two.
 launcelot wiste what was hyr wpll,
 Welle he knew by other mo,
 hyr brother klepitte he hym tulle
 And to hyr chamber gonne they go;
 he satte hym downe for the maydens sake
 vpon hyr bedde there she lap,
 Courtesely to hyr he spake
 For to comforte pat fayre map;
 In hyr Armys she gan hym take,
 And these wordis ganne she say,
 "Sir, hot pis that ye it make
 Saff my lyff no leche map;"
 "ladp," he sayd, "thou moste lette
 For me ne giff the no thyngge Alle,
 In Another stede myne hert is sette,
 It is not at myne owne wille;
 In erthe is no thinge that shall me lette
 To be thy knight lowde and stille,
 A nother tyme we may be mette
 Whan thou may better speke thy ffile."
 "Sith I of the ne may haue more,
 As thou arte hardy knight and fre,

In the turnement pat thou wold here
 Sum signe of myne pat men might se :"
 " lady, thy sleve thou shalte of shere,
 I wolle it take for the love of the,
 So did I neuyr no ladpes ere,
 Bot one that most hathe lobid me."
 On the morow whan it was day
 They dnyed, and made them pare,
 And pan they went forthe on there way
 To gedyr as they bretherne were ;
 They mette asquyer by the way
 That frome the turnament gan fare,
 And askyd, pif he couthe them say
 Whiche pty was the bygger thare ;
 " Sir Galehod hathe folke p^r more
 For sothe lordingis, as I pou telle,
 But Arthur is the bigger there
 he hath knightis stiff and felle,
 They Ar bold and brene as bare
 Ebwayne and boert and lponelle."
 Therlps somme to hym spake thare,
 " Sir, w^t them I rede we dwelle ;"
 launcelotte spake, " as I pou rede,
 Sithe they ar men of grete valour,
 how might we amonge them spede ?
 There alle ar stiffe & stronge in stowre ;"
 " helpe we them pat hath most nede,
 Ageyne the beste we shall welles dore,
 And we might there do Any dede
 It wold vs torne to more honour."

launcelot spekis in that tyde
 As knight pat was hardy and fre,
 "To night w^t oute I rede we byde
 The presse is grete in the Cite ;"
 "Sir, I haue An Aunte here be side
 A lady of swith grete biaute,
 Were it your wille thedir to Ride,
 Glad of vs than wold she be."
 Tho to the castelle gon they fare
 To the lady fayre and bright,
 Blithe was the lady thare
 That they wold dwelle w^t hyr p^r night ;
 hastely was there soper pare
 Off mete and drinke ryche lyght ;
 On the morow gon they dyne & fare
 Both launcelott and p^r other knight ;
 When they come in to pe feld
 Myche there was of game & play ;
 A while they hobyd, & by held
 how Arthurs knightis rode that day ;
 Galehodis party by gan to held,
 On fote his knightis ar lad away ;
 launcelott stiff was vnder sheld
 Thinkis to helpe yif that he may ;
 Be syde hym came pan sir Ewmayne
 Breme as Any wilde bore,
 launcelott springis hym ageyne
 In fiede arms pat he bare ;
 A dynte he pass w^t mekill mayne,
 Sir Ewmayne was vn horsid thare,

That alle men wente he had bene slayne
 So was he woundyd woundyr sare ;
 Sir boerte thoughte no thinge good
 Whan s. Ewmyne vn horsid was,
 Forthe he springis as he were wode
 To launcelot, w^t outhen lees,
 launcelot hytte hym on the hode,
 The nerte way to ground he chese,
 Was none so stiff agayne hym stode
 Fulle thynne he made the thikkeste prees ;
 Sir lponelle he ganne to tene,
 And hastely he made hym bolune,
 To launcelott w^t herte kene
 he rode, w^t helme and swerd browne ;
 launcelott hitte hym as I wene
 Throughe the helme in to p^r Crowne,
 That euyr after it was sene ;
 Bothe hors and man there yede adolone
 The knightis gadrid to gedir thare,
 And gan w^t crafte there counselle take,
 Suche a knight was neuyr are
 But it were launcelot dulake,
 Bot for the slebe on his Creste was thar,
 For launcelot wold thep hym noght take,
 For he bare nevir none suche by fore
 But it were for the quens sake ;
 Off Ascolot he neuyr was
 That thus welle beris hym to day ;
 Ector sayd, w^t outhen lees,
 What he was he wold assay ;

Anoble stede Ector hym chese
 And forthe rydis glad and gay,
 launcelot he mette a mydde p' prese,
 By twene them was no chidis play ;
 Ector smote with herte good
 To launcelot that ilke ryde,
 Throughe helme in to his hede it rode.
 That nyghte loste he all his ryde ;
 launcelot hysse on the hood
 That his hors felle and he be spide,
 launcelot blyndis in his blode
 Oute of the feld full faste gan Ryde,
 Oute of the feld they Ryden thoo
 To aforest highe and hore ;
 Whan they come by them one thoo
 Off his helme he takis thore,
 " Sir," he sayd, " me is full woo,
 I drede that ye be hurte full sore ;"
 " Nay," he sayd, " it is not so,
 But sayne at Riest I wold we were :"
 " Sir, myne Aunte is here be spide,
 There we bothe were all nyghte,
 Were it poure wille thedir to Ryde,
 She wolde us helpe w' all hys might,
 And send for lechis this plike ryde
 poure woundis for to hele and dight,
 And I my self wille w' pou abryde
 And be poure serbante and poure knight."
 To the castelle they toke the way
 To the lady sayre and hend ;

She sent for lechis, as I pou say,
That wound bothe ferre and hend ;
But by the morow that it was day
In bed he might hym self not wend,
So sore woundyd there he lay
That well nighe had he sought his end :
Tho kinge arthur w^t mykell pde
Callid his knightis all hym by,
And sayd, a month he wold there byde
And in Wynchester lye ;
heraudis he dyd go and fide,
Another turnamente for to Crpe,
This knight wolde be here nere be syde
for he is woundyd bitterlye.
Whan the lettres made were,
The heraudis forth w^t them pede,
Throughe pngland for to fare,
Another turnament for to bede,
Bad them buske and make them pare
Alle that stiff were on stede ;
Thus these lettris sent were
To tho that doughty were of dede :
Tille on atpme pat it be felle
An heraude compys by the way
And at the castelle anight gan dwelle
There as launcelot woundyd lay,
And of the turnamente gon telle
That shuld come on the sonday ;
launcelot sighes wondyr stille
And sayd, " alas ! and well away,

When knightis wyne worship and pde,
 Som Muntre shall hold me a wap
 As acoward for to abyde;
 This turnamente, for sothe to say,
 for me is made this pke tpe,
 Thoughe I shuld dpe this pke day
 Certis I shalle thedyr fide;"

The leche Munsweerd also gone
 And sayd, " syr, what haue ye thought?
 Alle the Crafte that I haue done
 I wene it wille you helpe fight noght,
 There is no man vndir the mone,
 By hym y^e all this world hath wrought,
 Might saue your lyff to that tyme come
 That ye vpon your stede were brought;"

" Certis, though I dpe this day
 In my bedde I wolde not lye,
 Yit had I leue to do what I may
 Than here to dpe thus cowardelye."

The leche anone than went his way
 And wold no lenger dwelle hym by;
 his woundis scrybed, and stille he lay
 And in his bedde he stowompe there;
 The lady wept as she were wode,
 When she sawe he dede wold be,
 Therlis some, with sorp mode,
 The leche agayne clepis he
 And sayd, " thou shalt haue yiftis good
 For why y^e thou wille dwelle wth me:"
 Craftely than stanchid he his blode,

And of good comforte bad hym be.
 The heraude than wente on his way
 At morow whan the day was light,
 Also swithe as euer he may
 To Wynchester that plike night,
 he salued the kinge for soth to say,
 By hym satte spr Ewwayne the knight
 And siþe he told upon his playe
 What he had herd and sene w^t sight ;
 " Of alle pat I haue sene w^t sight,
 Wondir thought me nevir more,
 Thane me dyd of a folpd knight
 That in his bed lay woundid sore ;
 he myght not hebe his hede by right
 For alle the World haue wome thare,
 For Angwisshe pat he ne fide myght
 Alle his woundis scryped were."

Sir Ewwayne than spekis wordis fre
 And to the kynges sayd he there,
 " Certis, no colwarde knight is he
 Allas ! that he were hole and fere,
 Welle I wote pat it is he
 That we alle of unhorspd were ;
 the turnament is beste lette be
 For sothe that knight may not come there."

There turnement was than no more,
 But this deytich alle the prege,
 knightis toke there lebe to fare
 Ichone his owne way hym chese ;
 To kamelot the kynges went there,

There as quene gaymore was
he wente haue found launcelot that,
A way he was w^t outen lese.

Launcelot sore woundyd lay
knightis sought hym full wyde;
Therle some night and day
Was alle way hym be spde;
Therle hym self, whan he ryde may,
Brought hym home w^t mykell pde,
And made hym bothe game & play
Tille he might bothe go and ryde:
Boerte and Iyonelie than sware
and at the kinge ther lebe toke there,
Ageyne they wold come nevir mare
Tille they wiste where launcelot were;
Ector went with them thare
To seche his brodyr y^t hym was dere,
mamp aland they gan through fare
And sought hym bothe ferre and nere;
Tille on atyme pat it by felle
That they come by that plike way,
And at the castelle at mete gan dwell
There as launcelott woundyd lay;
launcelot they saw, as I you telle,
Walke on the wallis hym to play,
On knees for Ioye all they felle,
So blithe men they were that day;
Whan launcelott saw tho plike thre
That he in world loupd beste,

Amerier metinge might no man se
 And siþe he ledde them to feste :
 Therle hym self, glad was he
 That he had gotten siþe ageste,
 So was the mapden fevre and fre
 That alle hyr loue on hym had keste ;
 Whan they were to soper dight
 Bordis were sette and clothis spradde,
 Therlis doughter and the knight
 To gedir was satte as he them hadde
 Therlys sounys w^t bothe were wight
 to serue them were nevir sadde,
 And therle hym selfe w^t alle his mygh
 To make them bothe blyth and glad ;
 Bot Boert euþr in mynd he thoghte
 That launcelot had bene woundyd sore,
 " Sir, were it pour wille to hele it noght
 Bot telle where ye thus hurte were ?"
 " By hym pat alle this world hath wrought,"
 launcelot hym self swore,
 " The dynte shalle be full dere bought
 yif euþr we may mete vs more :"
 Ector ne liked that no wight
 The wordis that he herd there,
 For sorow he loste both strength & might
 The colours changid in his lepre ;
 Boerte than sayd these wordis right,
 " Ector, thou may make pvelle chere,
 For sothe it is no colward knight
 That thou arte of I manased here ;"

"Ector," he sayd, "where thou it were
 That woundid me thus wondir sore?"
 Ector answerd with smpple chere,
 "lord, I ne wiste pat pe it wore;
 A dynte of pou I had there
 felyd I nebir none so sore;
 Sir Iponelle by god pan swore
 That myne wolles sene be euyr more."
 Sir Boerte than answerd as tpte
 As knight y^r wise was vndir wede;
 "I hope pat none of vs was quite;
 I had oon y^r to ground I pede;
 Sir, pour brodyr shall pe not wite,
 now knowes either others dede,
 now know pe how Ector can sympte
 To helpe pou whan pe haue nede."
 launcelot loughe w^t herte free
 That Ector made so mekill Sute,
 "Brother, no thinge drede thou the
 For I shalle be bothe hole and quite,
 Though thou haue sore woundid me
 There of I shall the nebir wite,
 But euyr the better loue I the
 Suche a dynte that thou can sympte."
 Than bypon the thrid day
 Theyp toke there lebe for to fare,
 To the courte theyp wille a way,
 For he wille dwelle a while thare;
 "Grete welle my lord I pou pray,
 And telle my lady how I fare,

And say, I wille come whan I may
 And byddith hyr longe no thinge sare."
 They toke there lede, w^t outen lees,
 And wightely wente vypon there way,
 To the courte the way they chese
 There as the quene Genure lay ;
 The kinge to the foreste is
 W^t knightis hym for to play,
 Good space they had w^t outen prese
 There erand to the quene to say ;
 They knelpd downe by fore the quene,
 The knightis y^t were wise of lere,
 And sayd, " they had launcelot sene,
 And thre dapes w^t hym were ;
 And how pat he had woundyd bene
 And seke he had lye full sore,
 Or ought longe ye shall hym sene,
 he had you longe no thynge sore."
 The quene loughed w^t herte fre,
 Whan she wiste he was on lyff,
 " O worthy god, what wele is me,
 Why ne wiste my lord it also swithe."
 To the foreste rode these knights thre
 To the kinge it to kithen,
 Ihesu criste pan thankis he,
 For was he nevir of word so blithe ;
 he kleppd Sir Galwayne hym nere
 And sayd, " certis that was he
 That the rede armys bere,
 Bot now he lyffis, welles is me."

Gawayne answerd w^t myld chere,
 As he that Ap was hend and fre,
 " Was neupe rithandis me so dere
 Bot sore me longis launcelot to se."
 At the kinge, and at the quene,
 Sir Gawayne toke his leue that tpe,
 And sithe at alle the courte by dene,
 And buskis hym w^t mekyl ppyde,
 Tille Ascalot w^t outhen wene
 Also faste as he might hyde,
 Tille that he haue launcelot gene
 Nigh ne dap ne wolde he hyde.
 By that was launcelot hole and fere,
 Buskis hym and makis all pare,
 his leue hathe he take there,
 The mayden wepte for sorow & care ;
 " Sir, yif that poure willis were,
 Sithe I of the ne may haue mare,
 Som thinge ye wolde be leue me here
 To loke on, whan me longith sare ;"
 launcelot spake w^t herte fre
 For to comforte that lady hende,
 " Wyne Armure shall I leue w^t the
 And in thy brothers wille I wend ;
 loke thou ne longe not after me
 For here I may no lenger lend,
 longe tyme ne shalle it noght be
 That I ne shalle eyther come or send."
 launcelot is Redy for to Ride
 And on his way he went forth Rycht,

Sir Galweyn come astir on a tyde,
 And askis after suche a knight;
 They resepyed hym wth grete pde,
 A riche soper there was dight,
 And sayd, "in herte is noght to hyde
 A way he was for fourtemght."
 Sir Galweyne gon that mayden take
 And sette hym by that swete wight,
 And spake of launcelot delake
 In alle the world nas suche a knight;
 The mayden there of launcelot spake,
 Said, all hyr loue was on hym light,
 "For his leman he hathe me take,
 his Armure I pou shew mighte:"
 "Now dampsselle," he sayd Anone,
 "And I Am glad pat it is so
 Suche a leman as thou haste oon
 In all this world ne be no mo;
 There is no lady of flesshe ne bone
 In this world so thyne or thro,
 Thoughe hyr herte were stele or stone
 That might hyr loue hald hym fro;
 But dampsselle, I be seche the,
 his sheld that pe wold me shewe,
 launcelottis pis that it be
 Be the coloures I it knewe."
 The mayden was bothe hend & fre,
 And ledde hym to achambyr netwe,
 launcelottis sheld she lette hym se,
 And all his Armure forth she dretwe;

hendely than syr Gawayne
 To the mayden there he spake,
 " lady," he sayd, " w^t outhen layne,
 This is launcelotts sheld delake ;
 Damessele," he sayd, " I Am full sayne
 That he the wold to leman take,
 And I, w^t alle my myght and mayne
 Wille be thy knight for his sake."
 Gawayne thus spake w^t that swete wight
 What his wille was for to say,
 Tille he was to bed I dighte
 Aboute hym was game and play.
 he toke his leue at erle and knight
 On the morow, whan it was day,
 And sithen at the mayden brighte,
 And forthe he wente vppon his way ;
 he myste where pat he mighte,
 ne where that launcelot wold lend,
 For whan he was oute of sight
 he was fulle puelle for to fynd.
 he takis hym the way right,
 And to the courte gon he wend,
 Glad of hym was kyng and knight
 For he was bothe cortepse and hend :
 Than it by felle vppon atpde,
 The kinge stode by the quene t^t spake,
 Sir gawayne standis hym be spde,
 Ichone tille other there mone gan make,
 how longe they might w^t bale abyde
 The compnge of launcelot dulake ;

In the courte was litelle pryde
 So sore they sighyd for his sake;
 " Certis, if launcelot were on lyff
 So longe fro courte he nold not be ;"
 Sir galwayne answerd also swithe ;
 " There of no wondir thinkith me ;
 The feyrest lady that is on lyff
 Tille his leman chosen hath he,
 Is noon of vs but wold be blithe
 Suche asemelp for to see."
 The kinge Arthur was full blythe
 Off that tithingis for to lere,
 And askid syr Galwayne also swythe
 What mayden that it were,
 " Therlis doughter," he sayd as swithe,
 " Off Ascolot as ye may here,
 There I was made glad & blithe,
 his sheld the mayde shetwid me there."
 The quene than said wordis no mo,
 Bot to hyr chambir sone she pede,
 And dounne vypon hyr bed felle so
 That nighe of witte she wold wede ;
 " Allas," she sayd, " and well a wo
 That euyr I Aught lyff in lede,
 The beste body is loste me fro
 That euyr in stoure by strode stede."
 ladyes that aboute hyr stode ,
 That wiste of hyr preynte
 Bad hyr be of comforte gode
 lette no man suche semblant se ;

Al bed thep made w^t sory mode
 There in thep brought that lady fre,
 Eupr she wepte as she were wode,
 Off hyr thep had full grete pite;
 So sore seke the quene lay
 Off sorow might she nevir lette,
 Tille it felle bypon a day,
 Sir Iponelle and Ector pede
 In to the foreste, them to play,
 That floured was and braunchid swete,
 And as thep went by the way,
 With launcelot gonne thep mete;
 What wondyr was though thep were blith
 Whan thep there master saw w^t sight,
 On knees thep felle also swithe
 And all thep thankid god all myght,
 Iope it was to se and lpythe
 The metynge of the noble knighte,
 And sithe he frepned also swithe
 " how fares my lady brighte ?"
 Than answerd the knightis fre,
 And said, that she was seke full sare,
 " Grete doelle it is to here and se,
 So mekille she is in sorow and care;
 The kinge asory man ys he,
 In courte for that ye come no mare,
 Dede he wenyys that ye be
 And alle the courte both lasse & mare;
 Sir, were it your wille w^t ys to fare
 For to speke w^t the quene,

Blithe I wote wele that she ware
 Yif that she had pou omys sene ;
 The kynge is mekille in sorow and care,
 And so ys all the courte by dene,
 Dede they wene welles that pe Are
 Frome courte for pe so longe have bene.''
 he grauntis them at that ylike synthe
 home that he wille w^t them Ride,
 There fore the knightis were fulle blithe
 And busked them w^t mykelle p^rde ;
 To the courte also stwithe,
 Nyght ne day they nold abyde,
 The kinge and alle the courte was blithe
 The tydandis whan they herde p^r tyde ;
 The kinge stode in atoure on highe,
 Be sydes hym standis spr Galwayne,
 launcelotte whan that they sighe
 Were nevir men on mold so fayne ;
 They ran as stwithe as eubr they might
 Oute at the gates hym Agayne,
 Was nevir tidandis to them so light,
 The kinge hym kysyd and knight I swayne ;
 To achamber the kynge hym lad
 fepre in Armys they gon hym fold,
 And sette hym on Aliche bedde
 That sprad was w^t aclothe of gold ;
 To serbe hym was there no man sad
 He dight hym as hym self wold,
 To make hym bothe blithe and glad
 And sihe Nuntres he them told ;

Thre dayes in courte he dwellid there,
 That he ne spake not w^t the quene,
 So myche prees was Ap hym nere
 The kyng hym lad and courte by dene ;
 The lady, bright as blossom on brere,
 Sore she longid hym to sene,
 Wepinge was hyr moste chere
 Thoughe she ne durste hyr to no man mene.
 Than it felle bypon A day,
 The kinge gan on huntynge ride
 In to the foreste hym to playe
 W^t his knightis be his spde ;
 launcelot longe in bed lape,
 With the quene he thought to hyde
 To the chamber he toke the way
 And salues hyr w^t mekell pryde ;
 Friste he kysyd that lady shene
 And salues hyr w^t herte fre,
 And si the ladies all by dene,
 For Iope the teres ran on ther ble ;
 " Well a way," than sayd the quene,
 " launcelot that I euyr the se,
 The loue pat hathe be vs by twene
 That it shall thus deyled be ;
 Alas, launcelot dylake,
 Sithe thou hast all my hert in wold
 Therlis doughter that thou wold take
 Off ascalot, as men me told,
 Now thou leuiste for hyr sake
 Alle thy dede of Armys bold,

I map wofully wepe and wake
In clay tyll I be clongyn cold ;
But launcelot I be seche the here
Sith it nedelyngis shall be so,
That thou nevir more discour
The loue that hathe bene be twyre vs two,
He that she nevir be w^t the so dere
Dede of Armys y^t thou be fro,
That I map of thy body here
Sith I shalle thus be lebe in woo.”
launcelot fulle stille than stode
his herte was hevy as Any stone,
So sorp he were in his mode
For Kouthe hym thought it all to torne ;
“ Madame,” he said, “ for crosse and Rode
What by tokenyth all this mone ?
By hym y^t bought me w^t his blode
Off these tyndandes know I none ;
But by these wordis thynkith me
I wop ye wold pat I ware,
Now haue good day, my lady fre,
For sothe thou seest me nevir mare.”
Oute of the chambyr pan wendis he,
Now whethir his hert was full of Care,
The lady swootyn Sithes thre
Almost she slew hyr self thare :
launcelot to his chambyr pede,
There his owne atyre in lay,
Armpd hym in anoble wede
Thoughe in his hert were litell play ;

Forthe he spronge as sparke of glede
 Withe sory chere, for sothe to say,
 Up he worthis vppon his stede
 And to aforeste he wendis a way :
 Cithyngis come in to the halle
 That launcelot was vppon his stede,
 Oute than kan the knightis alle
 Off there witte as they wold wede,
 Boerte, de Batmes, and Iponelle,
 And Ector, that doughty was of dede,
 Folowyn hym on horsys snelle
 Fulle lotode gonne they blowe and grede ;
 There might no man hym ovir take,
 he rode in to aforeste grene,
 Moche mone gonne they make
 The knightis that were bold and kene ;
 " Alas, they sayd, launcelot dulake,
 That euyr shuld bistow se the quene !"
 And hyr they cursyd for his sake
 That euyr loue was them by twene ;
 They ne wiste nevir where to fare,
 He to what land pat he wold,
 Ageyne they went w' sighyng sare
 The knightis pat were kene & bold ;
 The quene they found in swootynge thare,
 hyr comely tresses all vnfold,
 They were so full of sorow & care
 There was none hyr comfort wold.
 The kynge than hastis hym for his sake
 And home pan come that pike day,

And asked after launcelot dulake,
 And they sayd, " he is gone a way."
 The quene was in hys bed all nakyd,
 And sore seke in hys chambrer lap,
 So moche more the kynge gon make,
 There was no knight yf lust to playe;
 The kinge kilepis Galwayne yf day
 And alle his sorow told hym tyme,
 " Now ys launcelot gone away
 And come I wote he never wille,"
 He sayd, " alas and wellaway!"
 Sighed sore, and gaff hym pite,
 " The lord that we haue lov'd all way
 In court wher mylle he never dwelle?"
 Galwayn spekis in that tyde
 And to the kynge sayd he there,
 " Sir, in this castelle shalle ye hyde,
 Comforte you, and make good chere,
 And we shall bothe go and ride
 In all landis ferre and nere,
 So preuely he shall hym not hyde
 Throughe happe that we ne shall of hym here."

Knyghtis than sought hym wide,
 Off launcelot myght they not here,
 Tyme it felle vpon a tyde,
 quene Genere, bright as blossom on brere,
 To mete is sette that pike tyde
 And syr Galwayne satte hys nere,
 And vpon that other spide

A scottyshe knight p^r was hpr dere ;
 A squer in the courte hath thought
 That ylike day yif that he myght
 With apopson pat he hath wrought
 To slae Gawayne yif that he mighte ;
 In frute he hath it forthe brought
 And sette by fore the quene bright,
 An Appille ouereste lay on losfe
 There the popson was in dighte,
 For he thoughte the lady bright
 Wold the beste to Gawayne bede,
 But she it pass to the scottyshe knight,
 For he was of an vnkouth stede ;
 There of he ete alptell wight ;
 Off treson toke there no man hede,
 There he losfe bothe mayne and might,
 And died sone, as I pou Rede :
 They myste what it myght by mene,
 But by hym sterte spr Gawayne,
 And sithen all the courte by dene,
 And oupr the bord they haue hym drapne ;
 " Wellaway," than sayd the quene,
 " Ihu Criste what may I sayne,
 Certis now will all men wene
 My self that I the knight haue slayne."
 Triache there was anone forth brought,
 The quene wende to save his lyff,
 But all that myght helpe hym noght
 For there the knight is dede as swithe.
 So grete sorow the quene than wrought,

Grete doele it was to se and lythe,
 " lord, suche spyttes me haue sought
 Why ne may I nevir be blicthe."
 knyghtis done none other myght,
 Bot herped hym w^t doele I noughe,
 At achapell w^t Riche lyghte
 In aforeste by a stwoughe ;
 A Riche tombe thep dyd by dight,
 A Crafty clerke the lettres droughe,
 how there lay the shottyshe knyght
 That quene Genure w^t popson slough.
 After thys atyme by felle,
 To the courte ther come aknyght,
 hys brodyr he was, as I pou telle,
 And syr mador for sothe he highte ;
 he was an hardy man and suelle
 In turnamente and eke in fight,
 And mykell loupd in Courte to duelle,
 for he was man of myche myght.
 Than it felle vypon aday,
 Sir mador wente w^t mekill pride
 Into the foreste hym for to play,
 That floured was and braunchid wyde ;
 he found achapell in his way
 As he cam by a cloughis spde,
 There his owne brodyr lay,
 And there at masse he thought to abyde ;
 A Riche tombe he found there dight
 With lettres that were fayre I noughe,
 A while he stode, and Redde it right,

Grete sorow than to his herte droughe ;
he found the name of the scottys she knight
That quene Genere w^t popson sloughe,
There he loste bothe mayne and myght
And oupr the tombe he felle in stwoughe.
Off stwoungye whan he myght awake
his herte was heup as Any lede,
he sighed for his brothers sake,
he ne wiste what was beste dede ;
The way to courte gan he take,
Off no thinge ne stode he drede,
A lobde Crye on the quene gon make
In chalengynge of his brothers dede ;
The kynge fulle sore than gan hym drede,
For he myght not be ageyne the fight,
The quene of witte wold myghe wede
That thoughe p^r she agilte had no twight
She moste there by know the dede,
Or fynde aman for hys to fight ;
For welle she wiste to deth she pede
Nif she were on a queste of knights ;
Thoughe Arthur were kynge p^r land to weld
he myght not be agayne the fichte,
A day he toke w^t spere and sheld
To fynd aman for hys to fight,
That she shalle epyther to deth hys peld
Or putte hys on a queste of knights ;
There to bothe there handis by held
And trewly there trouthis plight ;
Whan they in Certeyne had sette adap,

And that quarelle vndir take,
 The word sprange sone throth eche contrep
 What sorow that quene genure gan make ;
 So at the laste, shortely to say,
 Word come to launcelot dulake,
 There, as he seke I woundyd lay,
 When told hym holly all the wrake ;
 how, that quene Gemure the bright
 had slayne w^t grete treason
 A swithe noble scottishe knight
 At p^r mete w^t stronge popson ;
 There for aday was taken fight
 That she shuld fynd a knight full botone,
 For hys sake for to fighte,
 Or ellis be brente w^t oute Baungotone.
 When pat launcelot dulake
 had herd holly all this fare,
 Grete sorow gon he to hym take
 for the quene was in suche care,
 And swore to venge hys of that wrake
 That day pif p^r he lpyband ware ;
 Than payned he hym his sorowys to slake
 And were as breme as Any bare.

Now leue we launcelot there he was
 withe the ermyte in the forest grene,
 And telle we forthe of the case
 That touchith Arthur the kynge so kene.
 Sir Gawayne on the morne to conselle he tase,
 And mornyd sore for the quene,

In to a toure than he hym has
 And ordeyned the beste there them by twene ;
 And as they in there talkynge stode
 To ordeyne how it beste myght be,
 A feyre fpuer vnder the toure poded,
 And sone there in gonne they see
 Mytelle bote of shappe full good
 To thepme ward w^t the streme gon te,
 There myght none feyter sawle on fode,
 Be better forgid as of tree.
 Whan kynge Arthur saw y^e sighte,
 he wondrid of the riche apparayle
 That was aboute the bote, I dighte,
 So richely was it coueryd sanzpayle
 In maner of aboute w^t clothis, I dighte,
 Alle shynand as gold as y^e gan sawle :
 Than sayd Syr Galwayne the good knight
 " This bote is of Arpehe entayle."
 " For sothe, syr," sayd the kynge tho,
 " Suche one sawgh I neypr are ;
 Thedir I Rede now y^e we go
 Som adventures shalle we se thare,
 And pif it be w^t in dight so
 As with oute or gaper mare,
 I darre sauely say therto
 By gyfne wille auntres or ought pare."
 Oute of the toure adowne they wente,
 The kynge arthur & syr Galwayne,
 To the bote they peder w^t oute stynte

They two allone for sothe to sayne ;
 And whan they come there as it lente
 They by held it faste is not to layne,
 A clothe that ouer the bote was vente
 Sir Galwayne lyfte by, and went in bayne ;
 Whan they were in w^r outhen lese,
 Full richely assayed they it found,
 And in the myddis aspre hedde was
 For Ayn kynge of Cristene lond ;
 Than as swithe or they wold sese
 The koberlet lyfte they by w^r hand,
 A dede woman they sighe ther was,
 The fayrest mayde y^r myght be found.
 To sir Galwayne than sayd the kynge,
 " For sothe Dethe was to vn hende
 Whan he wold thus sayre athinge
 Thus ponge oute of the world do wend ;
 For hyr biaute, w^r outhespyng,
 I wold sayne wete of hyr kynd
 What she was this swete derelyng
 And in hyr lyff where she gon lend."
 Sir Galwayne his epen than on hyr caste,
 And by held hyr fast w^r herte fre,
 So that he knewe welle at the laste
 That the mayde of Ascalote was she,
 Whiche he som tyme had wotowd faste
 his owne leman for to be,
 But she answerd hym Ayn in haste,
 To none bot launcelot wold she te.

To the kinge pan sayd sr Galwayne tho,
 "Thinke ye not on this endris day
 Whan my lady the quene & we two
 stode to gedir in poure play,
 Off a mayde I told you tho
 That launcelot louyd pamoure Ap
 "Galwayne for sothe," the kynge sayd tho,
 "Whan thou it saydiste wele thinke I may:"
 "For sothe, syr," pan sayd sr Galwayne,
 "This is the mayd that I of spake,
 most in this world is not to layne
 She lovid launcelot dulake;"
 "For sothe," the kynge pan gon to sayne,
 "me felwith the deth of hyr for his sake,
 The inchesonn wold I wete full sayne,
 For sorow I trow deth gon hyr take."
 Than sir Galwayne, the good knyght,
 Sought aboute hyr w^t oute stynte,
 And found apurs fulle riche a fighthe
 W^t gold and perlis pat was I hente;
 All empty semyd it noght to sight
 That purs full gone in hond he hente,
 W^tetter there of than oute he twight,
 Than doete thep wold sayne what it mente;
 What there was wreten wete thep wold,
 And sir Galwain it toke the kynge,
 And bad hym openyd that he shold,
 So dpyd he sone, w^t oute lesynge;
 Than found he whan it was vnfold
 Bothe the ende and the by gumpage,

Thus was it wreten as men me told
Off that fayre maydens depnge ;

" **T**o kyng Arthur, and all his knyghts
" That longe to the Round table,
" That cortepse bene, and most of myghts
" Doughty, and noble, trew, and stable,
" And most worshipfull in all fygths,
" To the nedefull helpinge & profitable,
" The mayde of Ascalot to fygths
" Bendith gretinge, w. outhen fable :
" To you all my playnte I make,
" Off the wronge that me is wroghte,
" But noght in maner to vnder take
" That Any of you shold mend it ought ;
" But onely I say, for this sake
" That thoughe this world were throw sought,
" Men shold no where fynd your make
" All noblysse to fynde that myght be sought ;
" There fore to you to vnderstand,
" That for I trewly many adaw
" Haue lovid lelpest in lond,
" Deth hathe me fette of this world away ;
" To wete for whome yif ye will found
" That I so longe in langoure lay,
" To say the sothe wille I noght mond,
" For gynes it not for to say nay ;
" To say you the sothe tale,
" For whome I haue suffred this woo,
" I say deth hathe me take w' bale
" For the noblest knight y' may go,
" As none so doughty dyntis to dale
" So Ryalle, ne so fayre ther to,
" But so churlysshe of maners in feld ne hale

" He know I none, of frende, ne fo,
 " Off foo, ne frend, the sothe to say,
 " So vn hend of thewis is ther none,
 " his gentillnesse was all a way,
 " All churlissh maners he had in wone ;
 " For for no thinge p' I coude pray
 " Knelynge, ne wepyng w' fewfull mone,
 " To be my leman he sayd euer nay,
 " And sayd shortely he wold haue none ;
 " For thy lordis for his sake
 " I toke to herte grete sorow and Care,
 " So at the laste deth gon me take,
 " So pat I might lyue na mare ;
 " For trew lounge had I suche wrake
 " And was of blysse I browghte All bare,
 " All was for launcelote dulake
 " To wete wisely for whom it ware."

When that arthure the noble kyng,
 had redde the letr', and kene the name,
 he said to galwayne, w' oute lesynge,
 That launcelott was gretly to blame,
 And had hym wonne a Repobynge
 For euer, and a wilkkyd fame,
 Bythe she deide for gre lounge
 that he her refusyd it may hym shame.
 to the kyng, than sayd syr galwayne,
 " I gabbyd on hym thys zendyr day,
 that he longede whan I gon sayne
 W' lady other which som othyr mape ;
 bot sothe than sayde ye is not to layne

that he nolde nought hys loue lape,
 In so lowe A place in bayne
 But on a pryse lady and a gape."
 "Syr galwayne," sayd the kyng thoo,
 "What is now thy best rede,
 how moche we w^t thys maydyn do?"
 Syr galwayne sayd, "so god me spede,
 If that ye wille assent ther to,
 Worshippfully we shulle hyr lede
 In to the palys, and herp her so
 As fallys A dukys dought^r in dede."
 ther to the kyng Assentid sone,
 Syr galwayne dyd men sone be zere,
 And worshippfully as fell to done
 In to the palys thep her bare:
 the kyng than tolde w^t out lone
 to All hys barons, lesse, and mare,
 how launcelot nolde noughte graunte hyr bone,
 ther fore she dyed for sorow and care:
 to the quene than went syr galwayne,
 And gon to tell hyr All the case,
 "For sothe, madame," he gon to sayne,
 "I peldeme gylty of A trespass,
 I gabbyd on launcelot is not to layne
 of that I tolde pou in thys place,
 I sayde that hys bydynge bayne
 the dukys doughter of Ascolote was;
 off ascolot that myden ffre
 I sayd pou she was hys leman,
 that I so gabbyd, it reth^r me,

for All the sothe now telle I can ;
 he nold hyr nought we motwe welle se,
 For thy dede is that white as swanne,
 thys lettre there of warraunte wolle be
 She playnethe on launcelot to eche man."
 the quene was as wrothe as wynde,
 And to syr galwayne sayd she than,
 " For sothe, Syr, thou were to unkynde
 to gabbe so vypon any man,
 but thou haddyst wist the sothe in mynde
 Whether that it were sothe ore nan ;
 thy curtesy was All be hynde
 Whan thou thoo salves freste be gan,
 thy worshipp thou vn dediste gretlyche
 Suche wronge to wite that good knyght,
 I trowe he ne a gulte the neuwre nought myche
 Why that thou oughtiste w^t no Ryghte,
 to gabbe on hym so wyplanlyche
 thus be hynde hym oute of hys syghte,
 And syr thou ne woste not Ryght wiseliche
 What harme hathe falle there of and myght ;
 I wende thou haddiste be stable and trewe
 And full of All curtesye,
 bot now me thynke thy maners newe,
 thay bene All tornyd to vilanye ;
 now thou on knyghts makeste thy glewe
 to lye vypon hem for ennye,
 Who that the worshippeth it may hem rewe,
 there fore deuoyede my compayne."
 Syr galwayne than slyghly wente awaye,

he spghe the quene a greupd sore,
 No more to hyr than wolde he sape,
 Bot trobupd hyr wrathe haue euyr more.
 the quene than, as she nnghe wode were,
 Drpngpd hyr handys, and said, " woll awape,
 Alas, in world that I was bore,
 that I am a wreche well say I may;
 herte Alas why were thou wode
 to trowe that launcelot dulake
 Were so falsse and fpkelle of mode,
 A nother lemman than the to take;
 nay sertes for Alle thys worldis goode,
 he nolde to me haue wrought suche wrake."

* * * * *

To fynde A man for hyr to fepghete,
 Or elles yeld her to be brente.
 If she were on a quest of knyghts,
 Wele sche wiste she shold be shente,
 Thoughe that she agilte hade no wight,
 No lenger lyffe myght hyr be lente.
 The kynge than sighed, and gaffe hyr pille,
 And to syr galwayne than he pede,
 To bors, de galones, and lponelle,
 To estor, that doughty was dede,
 And askpd, pif eny werere in wille
 To helpe hym in that mpyll nede.

The quene one knes be fore hem felle,
 That neyghe oute of hpr wite she pede ;
 The knyghtes answerpd w' lptell p'de,
 her hetes was full of sorow and woughe,
 Sayd, " alle we saughe and satte be syde
 The knyght when she w' popson sloughe,
 And sythe in herte is nought to hyde
 Syr galwayne ouer the bord hym droughe,
 A gayne the knyght we wille not syde,
 We saw the sothe verely I noughe."
 The quene wepte and sighed sore,
 To hors de galwes went she thoo,
 On knes by fore hym fell she thore,
 That myghe her hert braste in two ;
 " lord hors," she seyde thyn ore,
 " To day I shall to dethe goo,
 Bot pisse thy worthyp wylle wore,
 To brynge my lyffe oute of thys woo."
 Hors de galwes stille stode,
 And wrothe a way hys pzen wente,
 " Madame," he sayde " by crosse on rode
 Thou art wele worthyp to be brente ;
 The nobleste bodye of flesshe and blode
 That euyr was pete in erthe lente,
 For thy wille and thy wykkyd mode
 Out of oure companye is wente."
 Than she wepte and gaffe hpr ille,
 And to syr galwayne than she pede,
 On knes downe before hym felle,
 That neigh oute of hpr witte she pede :

"We'ry," she cryed loude and shrille,
 "Lord, as I no gilt haue of thys dede,
 If it were thy worthy wille
 To day to helpe me in thys nede."
 Galwayne answerd w' litelle p'de,
 Hys hert was full of sorow and woughe,
 "Dame, saw I not And sat he spde
 The knyght whan thou w' popson sloughe?
 And sythe in hert is not to hyde,
 My selfe ouer the bord hym droughe,
 A gayne the knyght wille I not fynde,
 I sawghe the sothe verrye I noughe."
 Than she wente to Isonelle,
 That euer had bene her owne knyght,
 On knees downe be fore hym felle,
 That neyghe she lost mayne and myght;
 "We'ry," she cryed loud and shrille,
 "lord, As I ne haue gylte no wyght,
 If it were thy worthy wille,
 for my lyffe to take thys knyght."
 "Madame, how may thou to us take
 And wote thy selfe so wytterly,
 That thou hast launcelot dulake
 Brought oute of ower companie;
 We may spghe and monyng make,
 Whan we se knyghts kene in cpe,
 Be hym thanne to man gan shape,
 We ar glade that thou it a hpe."
 Than full sore she gan hys drede,
 Welle she wiste hys lyffe was lorne,

loude gon she wepe and grede
 And estor kneles she be forne ;
 " For hym that on the Rode gon sprede,
 And for vs bare the crone of thorne,
 Estor helpe now in thys nede
 Or certes to day my lyfe is lorne."
 " Madame, how may thou to us take,
 Or how shold I for the sepght,
 Take the now launcelot dulake
 That euyr has bene thyn owne knyght ;
 Why dere brother for thy sake
 I ne shall hym neuyr se w^t sight,
 Curspde be he that the batalle take
 To saue thy lyffe a gayne the Rpghte."
 Ther wolde no man the bataple take,
 The quene wente to her chambyr soo,
 So dulefully mone gon she make
 That myghe hyr hert brast in twoo ;
 For Sorow gon she sheuer and quake,
 And sayd, " Alas, and wele I woo,
 Why nade I now launcelot dulake
 All the curte nolde me noght sloo ;
 Quelle haue I be sette the dede
 That I haue worshipped so many a knyght
 For my lyffe darre take I fight :
 lord, kynge of All thede,
 That all the worlde shall Rede and Rpght,
 launcelot thou saue and hede,
 Sithe I ne shalle neuyr hym se w^t spght."

The quene wepte, and gaue hyr pille,
 Whan she sawe the fyre was pare,
 than mornyd she full stille,
 To hors degawyns went sho thare
 By sought hym, pif it were hys wille
 To helpe hyr in hyr mekylle care,
 In stwounpge she be fore hym felle,
 That wordys myght sho speke no mare:
 Whan hors saw the quene so bryght,
 Of her he hade grete pyte,
 In hys armys he helde her vpe kyght,
 Bade hyr of good comfort be;
 "Madame, but there come abetter knyght
 That wolde the bataile take for the,
 I shalle my selue for the fichte,
 Whyle any lyffe may laste in me."
 Than was the quene wonder blythe,
 That hors de gabyns wolde for her feght,
 That nere for Iope she stwounyd stopthe
 But as that he her helde vp kyght;
 To hyr chambre he led hyr blythe,
 To ladys and to maydens bryght,
 And bad, she shulde it to no man kythe,
 Tyll he were armpd and redy dyght.
 Bors, that was bolde and kene,
 Clepyd All hys other knyghts,
 And tokyn conselle hem be twene,
 The beste that thay couthe and myght,
 how that he hathe hyght the quene,
 That ilke day for hyr to feght

A penste Syr mador full of tene,
 To saue hys lyfe pife that he myght.
 The knyghts answerd w^t wo and wrake,
 And sayd, they woste wetherlye,
 That she hathe launcelot dulake
 Brobought oute of ouere compame;
 Hys not that nolde thys bataile take
 Er she hade any vplame,
 But we mylle not so glad hys make
 By fore we ne suffre hys to be sorpe.
 Bors, and lionelle the knyght,
 Estor that doughty was of dede,
 To the forest than went thay knyght,
 There orpsons at the chapelle to bede
 To oure lord god Alle full of myght,
 That day sholde leue hem wele to spede
 A grace to venquesshe the feght;
 Of syr mador thay hade grete drede.
 As they came by the forest syde,
 There orpsons for to make,
 The nobleste knyght than sane thay knyght
 That euer was in erthe shape;
 Hys loreme lamyd All w^t p^rde,
 stede and armure All was blake,
 hys name is noght to hele and hyde,
 he knyght Syr launcelot dulake:
 What wondyr was thoughe they were blythe
 Whan they ther mayster se w^t syght,
 On knees felle thay asstopthe,
 And thankyd All to god All myght;

Iope it was to here and lpythe
 The metynge of the noble knyght,
 And after he askid Also symthe,
 " how now sayys my lady bryght ?"
 Bors than tolde hym All the Ryght,
 It was nolenger for to hyde,
 how there dyed a scottysche knyght
 Atte the mete the quene besyde;
 " To day, syr, is here dethe All dyght,
 It may no lenger be to hyde,
 And I for hys haue take the feght;
 Syr mador stronge thought tha he be,
 I hope he shall welles proue hys myght."
 " To the courte now wende ye thre,
 And reconforte my lady bryghte,
 Bot loke ye speke no word of me,
 I wolles come as A strange knyght."
 launcelot that was mochele of myght,
 A bydys in the forest grene,
 To the courte wente these othyr knyghts
 for to reconforte the quene,
 To make hys glade wth All thepre myght,
 Grete Iope they made hem by twene,
 for why, she ne sholde drede no wyght,
 Off goode comforte they hade her bene:
 Bordes were sette and clothys sprede,
 The kyng hym selfe is gone to sytte,
 The quene is to the table lade,
 Wth chekys that were warme and wete;
 Off sorow were they neupe wth sad,

Myght they neyther drinke neete,
 The quene of dethe was sore A drade,
 That grimly terps gone she lete :
 And as thay were at the thryd mese,
 The kyng and All the courte be dene,
 Spr mador All redy was
 Wth helme And shelde and hauburke shene ;
 A monge hem All be fore the dese
 He blow^t oute vppon the quene,
 To haue hys fygght, wth outen lese,
 As were the cobenantes hem by twene.
 The kyng lokyde one All hys knyghts,
 Was he neuere yet so woo,
 Sawhe neuyr on hym dyght
 A penyte Spr mador for to goo :
 Spr mador swore, by goddys myght,
 As he was man of herte thro,
 Bot yif he hastely haue hys fygght
 A monge hem All he sholde hys slo.
 Than spake the kyng of mekelle myght,
 That Hy was cortapse and hende,
 " Spr, lete vs ete and sythen us dyght,
 Thys day mys nought yit gone to the ende ;
 Yet myght there come suche A knyght,
 Yif goddys wyll were hym to sende,
 To fynde the thyf fylle of fyghte,
 Or the sonne to grounde wende."
 Bors than loughed on Iyonelle,
 Wpiste no man of here herctys worde,
 hys chambyr A none he wendys rille

W^t oute any othyr worde,
 Armpd hymd at Al hys wille
 W^t helme, and haubarke, spere, and sworde,
 A gayne than comys he full stpille
 And sette hym dotone to the borde :
 The terps ranne on the kpngis kne
 For Iope that he salwe hors adpyght,
 Up he rose, w^t hert free,
 And hors in armys clpppis fpyght,
 And sayd, " hors, god for peide it the
 In thys nede that thow wolde fpyghte,
 Welle Acquyteste thou it me,
 That I haue worshipped any knyght."
 Than as Syr mador loudeste spake,
 The quene of tresson to hy calle,
 Comys syr launcelot dylake
 Rydand fpyght in the halle ;
 hys stede and armure Alle was blake,
 hys visere ouer hys pzen falle,
 Many A man hy gonne to quake,
 A drade of hym nypghe were they Alle ;
 Then spake the kpng, mykelle of myght,
 That hend was in I che A sythe,
 " Syr, is it poure wille to lpyghte
 Ete and drynke and make pou blythe ?"
 launcelot spake as A strange knyght,
 " Nay Syr," he sayd as stowthe,
 " I herde telle here of A fpyght
 I come to saue A ladys lyue ;
 Fewell hathe the quene hy sette hyr dedys,

That she hathe worsshippid many A knyght,
 And she hathe no man in her nedys,
 That for hyr lyfe dare take a fight.
 Thou, that hyr of treson gredys,
 Pastelp that thou be dyghte,
 Oute of thy witte poughe that thou wendis
 To day thou shalt proue All thy myght.''
 Than was Syr mador Also blythe
 As foule of day after the nyght,
 To hys stede he wente than Sythe,
 As man that was of moche myght;
 To the felde than Ryde thay stowthe,
 hem folowes bothe kyng and knyght
 The bataile for to se and lythe,
 Saugh nevir no man Astronger fyght,
 In horsid were bothe knyghts kene,
 They metten w^t so myche mayne,
 And sythe thay faught w^t swerdys kene,
 Bothe on fote for sothe to sayne.
 In Alle the batailles that launcelot had bene,
 W^t hard acountres hym A gayne,
 In poynte hade he nevir bene
 So myghe hande for to haue be slayne;
 There was so wondyr stronge Afyghte,
 O fote nolde nouthet fle ne founde,
 Frome loughe none tyll late nyght,
 Bot gyffen many a wofull wounde :
 launcelot than gaffe Apynte w^t myght,
 Syr mador fallys at laste to grounde,
 " Mercy" cryes that noble knyght,

Fore he was seke, and sore vnsound.
 Thoughe launcelot were breme as bore,
 Full stournely he game by stande,
 O dynte wolde he smyte no more,
 hys swerd he threwe oute of hys hande.
 Spr mador by god than sware,
 " I haue foughte in many A lande
 With knyghtis bothe lesse and more
 And neuer yet er my mache I founde ;
 Bot, Spr, A praper I wolde make,
 For thyng that ye loue moste on lyfe,
 And for oure swete lady sake
 pouer name that ye wolde me kpythe."
 launcelot gan hys viser by take,
 And hendely hym shewed that spye,
 Whan he saughe launcelot dulake,
 Was neuer man on molde so blythe :
 " lord," thane said he, " welle is me,
 Myne Auancement that I may make,
 That I haue stande on dynte of the,
 And foughten w^t launcelot dulake :
 My brothers dethe for geffen be
 To the quene for thy sake."
 launcelot hym kyste w^t herte fre,
 And in hys armys gan hym by take,
 Kynge Arthur than loude spake
 A monge hys knyghts to the quene,
 " Za ponder is launcelot dulake
 Piff I hym euer w^t spght haue sene."
 Chap kyden and come than for hys sake,

The kynge and alle his knyghts kene,
In his armys he gon hym take,
The kynge hym kyste and courte by dene.

Than was the quene glade I noghe,
Whan she saw launcelot dulake,
that myghe for Iop she felle in stroughe,
Bot as the lordys hys gan by take;
The knyghts all wepte and loughe
for Iope as thay to gedyr spake,
With spr mador, w^t outen woughe,
Full sone acordement gon they make.
It was nolenger for to A hyde,
Bot to the castelle thay rode as stopthe,
With tromppys and w^t mykelle pryde,
That Iop it was to here and lythe.
Thoughe spr mador myght not go ne fyde,
To the curte is he brought that sythe,
And knyghtis bypon Iche A syde
To make hym bothe glad and blythe.
The squeers than were takyn alle,
And thay ar put in harde payne,
Whiche that serupd in the halle
Whan the knyght was w^t popson slayne.
There he grauntyd A monge hem alle,
It myght no lenger be to layne,
How in an Appelle he dede the galle,
And hadde it thought to spr gawayne.
Whan spr mador herde all the fygght,
That no gyfte hadde the lady shene,

For sorow he losse mayne and myghte,
 And on knees felle he fore the quene ;
 launcelot then hym helde vyppye kyghte,
 For loue that was them be twene,
 hym kyste bothe kynge and knyght
 And sythen Alle the curte by dene.
 The squer than was done to shende,
 As it was bothe lawe and kyght,
 Drawen and hongyd, and for brende,
 Be fore syr mador the noble knyghte.
 In the castelle thay gan forthe lende,
 The Topus garde than was it hyghte,
 launcelot that was so hende
 Thay honouryd hym w^t Alle ther myght.

Atyme be felle, sothe to sayne,
 At the knyghts stode in chambyr and spake,
 Bothe gaheriet, and syr gawayne,
 And mordreite, that mykelle couthe of wrake ;
 " Allas," than sayde syr Agrabayne,
 how fals men shalle we vs make,
 And how longe shalle we hele and layne
 The treson of launcelote dulake ;
 Wele we wote, w^t outen wene,
 The kynge arthur oure eme sholde be,
 And launcelote lyes by the quene,
 A geyne the kynge trator is he ;
 And that wote Alle the curte by dene,
 And Iche day it here and see,
 To the kynge we schulde it mene,

If ye wille do by the counselle of me."
 "Welle wote we," sayd syr galwayne,
 "That we ar of the kyngs kynne,
 And launcelot is so myghty of mayne,
 That suche wordys were better bynne;
 Welle wote thou, brothyr agrawayne,
 There of shulde we bot harmys wyne,
 Wit were it better to hele and layne,
 Than werre and wreake thus to be gyne,
 Welle wote thou, brother agrawayne,
 launcelot is hardy knyght and thro,
 kyng and courte hade ofte bene slayne
 Had he bene better than we mo,
 And sythen myght I neuyr sayne
 The loue that has bene by twene vs twoo,
 launcelot shalle I neuyr be trayne
 By hynde hys hake to be hys foo;
 launcelot is kynges sonne full good,
 And therto hardy knyght and bolde,
 And sythen and hym nod by stode
 Many A lande wolde w^t hym holde,
 Shede ther sholde be mykelle blode
 For thys tale piffe it were tolde."
 Syr Agrawayne he were full wode
 That suche a thyng he gyne wolde.
 Than thus gatys as the knyghts stode,
 Galwayne and All that other pres,
 In come the kyng, w^t mylde mode,
 Galwayne that sayd felaus pees,
 The kyng for wrathe was noghe wode,

For to wette what it was.
 Aggratwayne swore by crosse And Kede,
 "I shalle it pou telle w^t oute lees."
 Gatwayne to hys chambyr wente,
 Off thys tale nolde he nocht here,
 Baheriet, and gaherpes, of hys A sente
 Withe here brother went they there :
 Welle they wyste that All was shente,
 And spr gatwayne by god than sware,
 here now made A comsemente,
 That bethe not symysshyd manp A pere.
 Spr Agratwayne tolde Alle be dene
 To the kynge, w^t symple chere,
 How launcelot liggys by the quene,
 And so has done full manp A pere,
 And that wote All the courte by dene
 And Iche day it se and here,
 "And we haue false and treptours bene,
 That we ne wolde neuwr to pou dyskere."
 "Alas," than sayd the kynge there,
 "Certes that were grete ppte,
 So As man nad neuwr pit more
 Off biaute ne of bounte ;
 Ne man in worlde was neuwr pit more
 Off so mykille noblyte,
 Alas, full grete duelle it were,
 In hym shulde Any treson be ;
 But sythe it is so, w^t outen faple,
 Spr Agratwayne, so god the Kede,
 What were now thy beste consaple,

For to take hym w^t the dede ?
 he is man of suche Apparaple,
 Off hym I haue full mychelle drede,
 Alle the courte nolde hym Assaple
 " Wiff he were Armpd vppon hys stede."
 " Spr ye and All the courte by dene,
 Wendythe to morowe on huntynge Ryght,
 And sythen send word to the quene
 That ye wille dwelle w^t oute All nyght;
 And I, and other xii knyghtes kene,
 Full preuelp we shall vs dyght,
 We shalle hym haue w^t outen wene,
 To morow or Any day by lyght."
 On the morow w^t All the courte by dene
 The knyge gonne on huntynge Ryde,
 And sythen he sent word to the quene,
 That he wolde All nyght oute Abyde:
 Aggrawayne, w^t xii knyghtys kene,
 Atte home be lefte that ilke tpe,
 Off Alle the day they were not sene,
 So preuelp thap gonne hem hyde.
 Tho was the quene wondyr blythe,
 That the knyge wolde at the foreste dwelle,
 To launcelot she sente as swythe,
 And bad that he shulde come her tille.
 Spr hors degawnes be game to lythe,
 Thoughe hys herte lyked ille,
 " Spr," he said, " I wolde pou kythe
 A word pif that it were pour wille;
 Spr, to nyght I rede pe dwelle;

I drede ther be som treson dight
 Withe Agratwayne, that is so felle,
 That waites pou bothe day and nyght.
 Off Alle that pe haue gonne hys tpylle,
 He greupd me neuyr pit no wight,
 He neuyr pit gaffe myn herte to ille
 So mykelle as it dothe to nyght."
 "Wors," he sayd, "holde styllle,
 Suche wordys ar noughte to kpythe,
 I wille wende my lady tillle,
 Som new tpythandes for to lpythe;
 I ne shall nought bote wet hys wpylle,
 Ioke pe make poue glad and blythe,
 Certenly I nelle nought dwelle,
 Bot come I gayne to poue All stypthe."
 For why, he wende haue compyn sone
 For to dwelle had he not thought,
 Non Armore he dyde hym vppon,
 Bot A Robe All sengle wrought;
 In hys hand A swerd he fone,
 Off treson dred he hym kpyght noght,
 There was no man vndyr the mone
 he wende w^t harme durste hym hafte sought.
 Whan he come to the lady shene,
 he kysid, and chpypped that swete wpyght,
 For sothe they neuyr wolde wene
 That any treson was ther dyght;
 So mykelle loue was hem by twene,
 That they noght de parte dypyght,
 To bede he gothe w^t the quene

And there he thoughte to dwelle Alle nyght ;
 he was not buskyd in hys bedde
 launcelot, in the quenys boure,
 Come Agravayne, and spr mordreit,
 W^r xii knyghtys stiffe in stowre ;
 launcelot of tresson they be gredde,
 Callyd hym fals, and kyngys treptoure,
 And he so strongly was by stedde,
 There inne he hadde non Armour.
 " Welaway," than sayd the quene,
 " launcelot, what shall worthe of vs twoo,
 The loue that hathe bene vs be twene
 To suche endynge that it sholde goo,
 Withe Agravayne that is so kene,
 That nyght And day hathe bene oure foo,
 Now I wote w^r outen wene
 That Alle oure wele is tornyd to wooo."
 " lady," he sayd, " thow moste blyme
 Wyde I wote thes wordis bethe Ryffe,
 Bot is here any Armour inne,
 That I may haue to saue my lyffe ?"
 " Certis nay," she sayd theme,
 " Thys Antoure is so wondyr streffe,
 That I ne may to none Armour wyne,
 helme, ne hauberke, sword ne knyffe."
 Eupr Agravayne, and spr mordred,
 Callyd hym Recreante fals knyght,
 Bad hym Ryse oute of hys bedde,
 For he moste nedys w^r them fyght.
 In hys Robe than he hym cled,

Thoughe he none Armoure gete myght,
 Drothelyp oute hys swerd he gredde,
 The chamber dore he sette vp Ryght;
 An Armyd knyght he fore in wente,
 And wende launcelot wele to sloo,
 Bot launcelot gaffe hym soche A dynte,
 That to the grounde gone he go:
 The other All agayne than stente,
 Aftyr hym dorste folowe no moo,
 To the chambyr dore he spreunte,
 And claspid it w^t barres twoo:
 The knyght that launcelot has slayne,
 Hys Armoure founde he fapre and bryght,
 Hastely he hathe hem of drapne,
 And therin hym selfe dyght:
 "Now, know thou wele, syr Agrabwayne,
 Thow presons me no more to Ryght;
 Oute than sprange he w^t mykell mayn,
 Hym selfe a penyte hem alle to fyght;
 Launcelot than smote w^t herte goode,
 Wete pe wele, w^t outen lese,
 Syr Agrabwayne to dethe pade,
 And sythen All the other presse,
 Was non so stronge that hym w^t stode
 Be he had made Apytelle Rese,
 Bot mordreit fled as he were wode,
 To saue hys lyff full fapne he was,

Launcelot to hys chambre pade,
 to Bors, and to hys other knyghts;

Bors Armpd be fore hym stode,
 To hedde pit was he nozt dight;
 The knyghts for fere was nre wode,
 So were they drechyd all that nyght,
 Bot blythe werid they in her mode,
 Whan they her mastyr sawghe w^t syght:
 "Syr," sayd bors the hardy knyght,
 "Aftyr pou haue we thoght full longe,
 To hedde durste I me nozt dight,
 For drede ye hade som Munter stronge;
 Oure knyghts haue be drechyd to nyght,
 That som nakyd oute of bed spronge,
 For thy we were full sore asyght,
 lest som treson were vs A monge."
 "Na bors, drede the no wight,
 Bot bethe of herte good And holde,
 And stoppe the A waken by All my knyghts,
 And loke whiche wille w^t vs holde;
 loke they be Armpd and redy dight,
 for it is sothe that thou me tolde,
 We haue be gonne thys ilke nyght
 That shall brynge many A man full colde."
 Bors than spake w^t drech mode,
 "Syr," he sayd, "sithe it is so,
 We shalle be of herts good,
 Aftyr the wele to take the wo."
 The knyghtis sprent as they were wode,
 And to there harneise gon the go,
 At the morow Armpd be fore hym stode
 An hundrethe knyghts and squyers mo.

When they were armpd, and redy dight,
 A softe pas forthe gonne they Ride,
 As men that were of mykelle myght,
 To Aforest there be syde :
 launcelot Arrapes All hys knyghts,
 And there they loggen hem to hyde,
 Tyll they herd of the lady bryght,
 What Auntere of hys shulde be tyde.
 Mordreit than toke A way full gayne,
 And to the forest wente he Right,
 Hys Auntures tolde for sothe to sayne
 That were by fallyn that ylike myght.
 " Mordreit, haue ye that treitour slayne,
 Or how haue ye w^t hym dight ?"
 " Nay, syr, bot dede is aggrawayne,
 And so Ar All oure other knyghts."
 When it herde syr galwayne,
 That was so hardy knyght and holde,
 " Alas, is my brother slayne !
 Sore hys herte he gan to colde;
 I warnyd wele syr Aggrawayne,
 Or euer pit thys tale was tolde,
 Launcelot was so myche of mayne,
 A penste hym nas stronge to holde."
 It was no lenger for to hyde,
 Kynge, And All hys knyghtis kene,
 Toke there counselle in that tyde,
 What was beste do w^t the quene.
 It was no lenger for to hyde,
 That day so brent shuld she bene,

The fyre than made thep in the felde,
 There to thep brought that lady fre,
 All that euer myght wepene welde,
 A boute her Armpd for to bee ;
 Galwayne, that styffe was vndir shelde,
 Baherpet, ne gaherpes, ne wold nozt see,
 In there chamber thep hem helde,
 Off hpr thep had grete ppte.
 The kynge Arthure, that pilke tyde,
 Galwayne And gaherps for sent,
 here Answeres were nozt for to hyde,
 " Thep ne wolde nozt be of hys assente ;
 Galwayne wolde neuwr be nere by spde
 There Any woman shuld be brente."
 Baheriet, And gaheries, w^t lytell prpde
 All vn Armpd thedpr thep wente.
 A squeer gonne tho tythandes lythe,
 That launcelot to courte had sente,
 To the foreste he wente as swithe,
 There launcelote and hys folke was lente,
 Bad hem come and haste blythe
 The quene is ledde to be brente,
 And thep to hors and Armes stwithe
 And Iche one be fore other sprete.
 The quene by the fyre stode,
 And in hpr smoke All redp was,
 lordpmygys was there manp and good,
 And grete power w^t outen lese.
 Launcelote sprete as he were wode,
 Full sone partpd he the prees,

Was none so styffe a zeynste hym stode,
 Be he had made a lytelle kесе ;
 There was no stele stode hem a zeyne,
 Though faught they but A lytelle stound,
 lordyngys that were myche of mayne
 Many goode were brought to grounde ;
 Gaieriet and gaieries bothe were slayne
 Wythe many A doulfull dethes wounde,
 The quene thay toke w^t oute layne
 And to the foreste gonne they founde.

The tythynge is to the kynge brought,
 how launcelote has tane away the quene,
 Suche wo as there is wroughte,
 Slayne at Alle oure knyghtis kene.
 Downe he felle, and stowmpd oſte,
 Grete duelle it was to here and sene,
 So nere hys herte the sorowe sought,
 All moste hys lyffe wolde no man wene;
 " Ihesu cryste, what may I sayne,
 In erthe was neuer man so wo,
 Suche knyghtys as there ar slayne
 In All this worlde there is no mo ;
 lette no man telle Syr galwayne
 Gaieriet hys brother is dede hym fro,
 But, weilaway, the reufulle Rayne
 That euyl launcelote was my fo."
 Galwayne gon in hys chambyr hym holde,
 Off All the day he nolde not oute goo,
 A squer than the tythandys tolde,

What wondyr theighe hys herte were wo :
 " Allas," he sayde, " my brother holde
 Where gaherit be dede me fro,"
 So sore hys hert he gan to colde,
 All moste he wolde hym selfe sloo.
 The squer spake wth dreery mode,
 To re-comfort syr Galwayne,
 " Gaheriet eyles noght but goode,
 he wolle sone come A gayne."
 Galwayne sprent as he were wode
 To the chambre there they lay slayne,
 The chambre flore All ranne on blode,
 And clothyng of golde were ouer hem drayne;
 A clothe he heuys than vpon hyght,
 What wondyr thoughe hys hert were sore
 So dylfully to se them dight,
 That ere so doughty knyghtis were.
 Whan he hys brother sawghe wth syght
 A word myght he speke no more,
 There he loste mayne and myght,
 And ouer hym felle in swoounyng thore.
 Off swoounyng whan he myght A wake,
 The hardy knyght syr galwayne,
 Be god he sware, and loude spake,
 As man that myche was of mayne,
 " Be twixte me And launcelote du lake,
 Pys man in erthe for sothe to sayne,
 Shall trewes sette, and pees make,
 Er outhur of vs haue other slayne."
 A squer that launcelot to court hadde sente,

Off the tpyhandys gonne he lpythe,
 To the foreste is he wente,
 And tolde launcelot Also stowthe,
 how lordpyges that were riche of rente
 fele goode had loste hys lpythe,
 Gaherpet and gaheries sought here ende;
 Not than was launcelot no thyng blythe,
 "lord," he said, "what may thys bene,
 Jhesu cryste, what may I sayne,
 The loue that hathe be twerte vs bene,
 That euyl gaherpet was me I gayne;
 Now, I wote for All by dene
 I sorpe man Is slyr galwayne,
 A cordement thar me neytr wene,
 Tille epyther of vs haue other slayne."
 launcelot gonne w' hysse folke forthe wende,
 Withe sorp hert, and dreyr mode,
 To quens, and countesses fele he sende,
 And grete ladys of gentill blode,
 That he had ofte here landis deffende,
 And foughten whan hem nede by stode;
 Ichone her powur hym lende,
 And made hys party styffe and goode:
 quens and countesses that knyghte were,
 Sende hym erlys w' grete meyne,
 Othyr ladies, that myght no more,
 Sente hym barons or knyghtis free;
 So mykelle folke to hym gon fare,
 Bydous it was hys oste to see,
 To the Jopys gard wente he thare,

And helde hym in that stronge Cpte.

Launcelotis herte was full sore,
For the lady fayre and bryght,
A Damoselle he dyd be pare,
In kyche Apparaple was she dyght,
Hastely in message for to fare
To the kyng of mykelle myght,
To probe it fals what myght he mare
Bot proferys hym there fore to fyght.
The mayden is fedy for to fyde,
In A full kyche Aparaplymente
Off Samptte grene, w^t mykyl pryncde,
That wrought was in the orpente.
A dwerffe schulde wende by hys syde,
Suche was launcelotis comaundemente,
So were the maners in that tyde
Whan A mayde on message wente.
To the castelle whan she come,
In the paleise gonne she lpyght,
To the kyng hys erande she sayd sone,
By hym sette syr galwayne the knyght,
Sayd, " that lyes were sayde hym bypon,
Twelve they were by day and nyght
To probe it as a knyght schulde done,
launcelot proferis hym to fyghte."
The kyng Arthure spekys thore
Wordys that were kene and thro,
" He ne myght proue it neu^r more,
Bot of my men that he wold slo ;

Be Ihu cryste," the kynge sware,
 And Syr galwayne than Also,
 " his dedis shall be bought full sore,
 Bot pife no stele noll in hym go."
 The mayden hathe hyr answere,
 To the Iopys gard gonne she kyde,
 Suche as the kynges wordis were,
 She tolde launcelot in that tyde.
 Launcelot byghed wounder sore,
 Ceres frome hys pzen ganne glyde,
 Bors degatones by gode than sware,
 " In mydde the felde we shall hem byde."
 Arthure wolde no lenger a byde,
 Bot hastis hym w^t All hys myght,
 messengeres byd he go and kyde,
 That thap ne shulde lette for day ne nyght,
 Thorow oute yngland by Iche a spde,
 To erle, baroun, and to knyght,
 Bad hem come that ilke tyde,
 Withe hors stronge And Armure bypght
 Thoughe the knyght that were dede hem fro
 There of was All there mykelle hare,
 Thre hundrethe thap made mo,
 Oute of the castelle or they wold fare,
 Off ynglonde, A prelande Also,
 Off walys, and scottis, that beste were,
 Launcelot And hys folkys to slo,
 Withe hertis breame as Any bore,
 Whan thys oste was All botwe,
 It was no lenger for to byde,

Rapes s pere, and gounfanoune,
 As men that were of mykelle pryde;
 W^t helme, and shelde, and hauberke brotne,
 Gawayne hym selfe he fore ganne fynde,
 To the Iopys garde, that Ryche towne,
 And sette A sege on Iche A spde :
 A houte the Iopys garde thep lape
 Seuentene wokys, And well mare,
 Tille it felle vppon A day
 launcelot home had hem face,
 " Breke poure sege, wendys awaie,
 pou to slae grete pyte it ware,"
 he sayd, " Alas, and weillawaye,
 That euyr be game thys sorowte sare."
 Ebit the kyng, and Syr gawayne,
 Calde hym fals recreante kmyght,
 And sayde, he had hys bretherne slayne,
 And treptour was by day and myght;
 Bad hym come And probe hys mayne
 In the felde w^t hem to fyghte :
 launcelot sighed for sothe to sayne
 Grete duelle it was to se w^t sight.
 So loude thep launcelot goume A crye,
 With vois and hpdous hornys here,
 Bors de gabones standis hym by
 And launcelot makys puelle chere,
 " Syr," he sayd, " whare fore and why
 Shulde we these proude wordys here,
 me thynke ye fare as cowardise,
 As we ne durste no man myghe nere;

Dight we vs in Ryche Arape,
 Bothe w^t spere, And w^t shelde,
 As swithe as eu^r that we mape,
 And Ryde we oute in to the felde;
 Whyle my lyffe laste mape,
 Thys day I ne shall my wepen pelde,
 There fore my lyffe I darre wele lape,
 We two shall make hem All to helde."
 "Alas," quod launcelot, "wo is me,
 That eu^r shuld I se w^t spghte,
 A zepme my lord for to be,
 The noble kynge that made me knyght.
 Syr galwayne I be Seche the
 As thou arte man of myche myght,
 In the felde let not my lorde be
 Be that thy selfe w^t me not spghte."
 It may no lenger for to hyde,
 But buskyd hem, and made All botome,
 Whan thay were Redy for to Ryde,
 They Rysed spere and gonfanoun.
 Whan these osten gan samen glyde,
 Withe vois and hydous hornys sowne,
 Grete ppte was on epyther syde,
 So fele goode ther were lapyd doun.
 Syr lyonel w^t myche mayne
 Withe A spere by fore gan founde,
 Syr galwayne Rydys hym A gayne,
 hors and man he bare to grounde,
 That All men wende he had ben slayne,
 Syr lyonel hade suche A wounde,

Oute of the felde was he drapne,
 For he was seke and sore vn sounde.
 In All the felde that ilke tpe
 Myght no man stonde launcelot a zeyne,
 And sythen as faste As he myght Ryde
 To saue that no man sholde be slayne.
 The kynge was euer nere be Ryde,
 And helpe on hym w^t All hys mayne,
 And he so corteise was that tpe,
 O dynte that he nolde sympte agayne.
 Bors degawnes saughe at laste,
 And to the kynge than gan he Ryde,
 And on hys helme he hytte so faste,
 That nere he loste All hys pryde;
 The stede Rygge vndyr hym braste,
 That he to grounde felle that tpe,
 And sythen wordys loude he caste
 Withe Syr launcelot to chpde :
 " Syr, shalthou All day Buffer so
 That the kynge shall the assaile ?
 And gethe hys herte is so thro,
 Thy corteise may not Abaile.
 Batailles shall there neu^re be ma,
 And thou wilt do be my consalle,
 Zempth vs leue them All to slo,
 For thou haste benquesshid thys bataille."
 " Alas," quod launcelot, " wo is me,
 That eu^re shulde I se w^t spghte
 By fore me hym vnhorsed bee,
 The noble kynge that made me knyght."

he was than so corteise and free,
 That doun of hys stede he lpghte,
 The kynge ther on than horspd he,
 And hade hym fle pisse that he myght.
 When the kynge was horspd there,
 launcelot lokys he vppon,
 How corteise was in hym more
 Then euer was in Any man.
 He thought on thyngis that bene ore,
 The teres from hys yzen Rame,
 He Sayde, "Allas," w' spghynge sore,
 "That euer pit thys werre be gan."
 The parties arne w' dradwen A waie,
 Off knyghtis were they werpn thynne,
 On morow on that other dape
 Scholde the bataplle este be gonne.
 Chap dpght hem on A Riche Arape,
 And partpd ther osten bothe in thynne :
 he that by ganne thys wrechpd plape,
 What wondyr thoughe he had grete spme.
 Bors was brene as Any bore,
 And oute he rode to spr galwayne,
 For lponelle was woundpd sore,
 Wenge hys brother he wolde full sayne :
 Spr galwayne gonne a zepne hym fare,
 As man that myche was of mayne,
 Epyther throughe other body bare,
 That welle nere were they bothe slayne ;
 Bothe to grounde they felle in fere,
 There fore were fele folke full woo,

The kynges party fiedy were
 A way to take hem bothe two.
 launcelot hym selfe come nere,
 Bors rescous he them froo,
 Oute of the felde men hym bere,
 So were they woundyd bothe two.
 Off thys bataille were to telle
 A man that it wele vnderstode,
 How knyghtis vnder sadels felle,
 And spitten downe wth sory mode ;
 Stedys that were holde and suelle,
 A monge hem waden in the blode,
 Bot by the tyme of eyn belle,
 Launcelot party the better stode.
 Off thys batayle was no more,
 Bot thus depaten they that dape,
 Folke here frendys home ledde and bare
 That slayne in the feldys laye.
 Launcelot gonne to hys castelle fare,
 The bataille venquesshyd for Sothe to sape,
 There was duell and weppynge sare,
 Amonge hem was no chyllys plape.

All landys northe and southe,
 Off thys werre the word spronge,
 And pit at Rome it was full couthie
 In ynglande was suche sorowte stronge ;
 There of the pope had grete Routhie,
 A lettre he selid wth hys hande,
 Bot they accorded welles in trowthie,

Enterdite he wolde the lande.
 Then was A bischope at Rome
 Off Rowchester, wth outen lese,
 Tylle ynglande he the message come,
 To karllpille ther the kynge was.
 The popis lettre out he nome
 In the paleis by fore the desse,
 And hade them do the popis dome,
 And holde yngland in feste and pes :
 Redde was it by fore All by dene,
 The lettre that the pope gonme make,
 How he moste haue a zepne the quene
 And a corde with launcelot dulake,
 Make a pes hem by twene
 For euyr more and trewys make,
 Or ynglande entredyted shulde bene,
 And torne to sorow for ther sake.
 The kynge a zepne it wolde nozte bene
 To do the popys comaundemente,
 Blythely A pepne to haue the quene,
 Wolde he noght that ynglonde were shente ;
 Bot galwayne was of herte so kene,
 That to hym wolde he neuyr Assente
 To make A corde hem by twene,
 While Any lyffe were in hym lente.
 Through the sente of All by dene,
 Gamme the kynge A lettre make,
 The bysschope in message pede by twene
 To syr launcelot dulake,
 And Askyd, pisse he wolde the quene

Cortessly to hym by take,
 Or yngland enterdpt shuld bene,
 And torne to sorow for ther sake.
 launcelot Answeryd, w^t grete sauoure,
 As knyght that hardy was and kene,
 " Syr, I haue stande in many A stoure
 Bothe for the kynge and for the quene;
 Full colde had bene hys beste tolore,
 Riff that I nadde my selfe bene,
 he quptes it me w^t lytelle honoure,
 That I haue serupd hym All by dene."
 The bysschope spake w^t oute faple,
 Thoughe he were nothynge A froughte,
 " Syr, thynke that pe haue bengupsshid many
 A bataille

Throgh grace that god hathe for you wrought:
 pe shalle do now by my counsaile,
 Thynke on hym that you dere bought,
 Wemen Ar frele of hys entayle,
 Syr, lettes not ynglande go to noght."
 " Syr bysschope, castelles for to holde
 Wete you wele I haue no nede,
 I myght be kynge pif that I wolde
 Off All bentrike, that Ryche thede;
 Ryde in to my landys holde
 Withe my knyghtes styffe on stede;
 The quene pif that I to them polde
 Off her lyffe I haue grette drede."
 " Syr, be mary that is mayden flour
 And god that All shall rede and Ryght,

She ne shall haue no dyschonoure,
 There to my trouthe I shall you plyght;
 Bot boldely brought in to hyr boure,
 To ladyes, and to maydens bryght,
 And holden in welles more honoure,
 Than euer she was by day or nyght."
 "Now, gif I grande suche a thyng,
 That I delyue shall the quene,
 Byr bysshope, say, my lord the kynge,
 Byr galwayne, and hem All by dene,
 That thay shall make me A sekeryng,
 A trewe to holde us by twene."
 Then was the bysshope woundyr blythe,
 That launcelot gafte hym this Answer;
 Tylle his palfray he wente as stowthe,
 And tylle karllylle gonne he fare.
 Epthandys sone were done to lpythe
 Whiche that launcelotis wordis ware,
 The kynge and courte was All full blythe
 A trewe they sette and sekeryd thare;
 Through the Assent of All by dene,
 A spker trewe there they wrought,
 Though galwayne were of hert kene
 There a penyte was he nozte,
 To hald A trewe hem by twene
 While launcelot the quene home broght;
 Bot onementes that hym neydr wene
 Or eyther other herte haue sought;
 A spker trewe gonne they make,
 And wth ther seales they it bande,

There to they the bisshoppys gon take
 The wiseste that were in All the lande,
 And sent to launcelot dylake ;
 At Iopys gard, the they hym fande,
 The lettres there they hym by take,
 And there to launcelot held hys hande.
 The bisshoppis than wente on her way
 To karlpyll, there the kyngs wasse,
 Launcelot shall come that other day
 Withe the lady proude in pres.
 he dyght hym I A Riche Krape,
 Wete ye wele, w^t outen les,
 An hundreth knyghts for sothe to sape,
 The beste of All hys oste these.
 Launcelot and the quene were cledde
 In Robes of A Riche wede,
 Off Sampte white w^t syluer shredde,
 purp sadppl and white stede ;
 Saumbues of the same threde,
 That wrought was in the hepten thede,
 launcelot hys byrdelle ledde,
 In the Romans as we fiede.
 The other knyghts euerychone,
 In Sampte grene of hepten lande,
 And in there kyrtelles Rysde Allone,
 And Iche knyght a grene garlande,
 Sadillis sette w^t Riche stone,
 Ichone Abraunche of olyffe in hande,
 All the felde A boute hem schone,
 The knyghtis Rode full loude synghand.

To the castelle when they come,
 In the paleise gonne they lpghte,
 launcelot the quene of hys palfray nome,
 They Seyde it was A semly spghte.
 The kynge than salowes he full sone,
 As man that was of myche myghte,
 Fevre wordys were there sone,
 Bot weppinge stode there many A knghte.
 Launcelot spake, as I you mene,
 To the kynge of mykelle myght,
 " Syr, I haue the broght thy quene,
 And sauðd hys lyffe w^t the kynght,
 As lady that is fevre and shene
 And trewe is bothe day and nyght;
 Iffe Any man sayes she is noght clene,
 I profre me there fore to sepght."
 The kynge Arthur Answerps thore
 Wordys that were kene and throo,
 " Launcelot I ne wende neuþr more
 That thou wolde me haue wroght thys woo;
 So dere as we samen were,
 There vndyr that thou was my foo,
 Bot noght for thy me felwis sore
 That euþr was werre by twerte vs two."

L Launcelot than Answerpde he,
 When he had lystend longe,
 " Syr, thy wo thou witeste me,
 And welle thou woste it is w^t wronge;
 I was neuþr fer frome the,

When thow had Any sorow stronge,
 Bot lpers lystenes thow to lpe,
 Off whome All thys word oute spronge."
 Than by spake hym Syr galwayne
 That was hardy knyght and free,
 "launcelot, thou may it noght w^t sayne,
 That thow haste slayne my brethrene thre;
 For thy, schall we proue oure mayne,
 In feld whether shall haue the gree,
 Or epther of vs shall other slayne,
 Wylthe shall I neuyr be."
 Launcelot Answerd w^t hert sore,
 Thoughe he were nothynge A froughte,
 "Galwayne," he said, "thoughe I were there,
 My self thy brethren slow I noght;
 Other knyghtis fele ther were,
 That sythen thys werre dere han bought."
 launcelot syghed wonder sore,
 The terps of hys pen soboght.
 launcelot spake, as I pou mene,
 To the kynge, and syr galwayne,
 "Syr, shall I neuyr of cordermente wene,
 That we myght frendys be Azepe?"
 Galwayne spake w^t hert kene,
 As man that myche was of mayne,
 "Nay, corderment thar the neuyr wene,
 Cyle on of vs haue other slayne."
 "Sythe it neuyr may be cyde
 That pees may be vs by twene,
 Nay I in to my landys Ryde,

Saffely w^t my knyghtis kene ;
 Than wille I here no lenger hyde
 Bot take leue of yow All by dene,
 Where I wende in world wyde
 Engeland wolde I neu^r sene."
 The kynge arthur Answered thore,
 The terps from hys pzen flanne,
 " By Ihu cryste," he there swore,
 " That All thys worlde wrought and wan,
 In to thy landys whan thou wilt fare
 The shall lette no lyan^d man."
 He sayd, " Alas," withe spghynge sare,
 " That eu^r pit thys werre by ganne.
 Sythe that I shall wende A waie,
 And in myn Alone landys wone,
 May I saffely wone ther aye
 That pe wythe werre not come me on ?"
 Syr galwayne than sayd, " naye,
 By hym that made sonne and mone,
 Wight the as welle as eu^r thou may,
 For we shall After come full sone."
 launcelot hys leue hathe taken thare,
 It was no lenge for to hyde,
 Hys palfray found he Redy zare,
 Made hym Redy for to Ryde ;
 Oute of the castelle gonne they fare,
 Gremly teres lette they glyde,
 There was dwelle and weppynge sare,
 At the partynge was lptelle pryde.
 To the Jopys gard, the Ryche towne,

Rode launcelot the noble knyghte,
 Busked hem, and made A botune,
 As men that were of myche myght;
 Withe spere in hand, and gonfanowne,
 lette they nouthur Day ne myght,
 To An hauen hight "kelyon,"
 Riche galleys there they fande dyght.
 Now at thap shyppe on the flode,
 launcelot, And hys knyghts hende,
 Wederes had they sepre and goode,
 Wher hyr wille was for to wende;
 To An hauen there it stode
 As men were leueste for to lende,
 Off bentwike blythe was hyr mode,
 Whan Thu cryste hem thedir sende.
 Now at thap Arpued on the stronde,
 Off hem was fele folke full blythe,
 Grete lordis of the lande
 A zepne hym they come as stowthe,
 And sellyn hym to fote and hande,
 For her lord thap gonne hym kythe,
 At hys domys for to stande,
 And at hys lawes for to lpythe.
 Borgs made he knyge of galwes
 As it was bothe lawe and Ryght,
 Iponelle made knyge of fraunce
 Be olde tyme "gabole" hyghte;
 All hys folke he ganne Auance,
 And landys gaffe to Iche A knyghte,
 And stord hys castells for All chance,

For mykyl he hōppd more to fyght.
 Estor he crowns w^t hys hande,
 So sapes the boke, w^t outen lese,
 made hym kynge of hys fadyr lande,
 And pryncce of All the Ryche preste ;
 Bad no thyng hym shulde w^t stande,
 Bot hald hym kynge as worthy was,
 For ther more hym self wold fande
 Cyle he wiste to leffe in pes.

Arthure wolle he no lenger A hyde,
 Npght and day hys herte was sore,
 messengerys did he go And Ryde
 Throughe oute yngland for to fare
 To erlys, And barons, on Iche A syde,
 Bad hem buske and make All zare,
 On launcelot landys for to Ryde,
 To brenne and sle and make All bare.
 At hys knyghtis All by dene,
 The kynge gan hys conselle take,
 And bad hem ordeyne hem by thwene
 Who beste steward were for to make,
 The Keme for to saue and zeme,
 And beste were for bretaynes sake ;
 Full mykelle they dred hem All by dene
 That Wyens the land wold take.
 The knyghtis answerpd, w^t oute lese,
 And said, for sothe, that so them thought
 That syr mordred the sekereste was,
 Thoughe menthe Keme throbo oute sought

To saue the Keme in trews and pees ;
 Was Al boke by fore hym brought,
 Spr mordreit thep to steward chese,
 That many Al holde sythen Al bought.
 It was no lenger for to hyde,
 Bot buskes hem, And made Al bolwe ;
 Whan they were Redy for to Ryde,
 They Reised spere and gonfanowne.
 Forthe they went, w^t mykelle pryde,
 Cille An haupne hyght "kerlyponne,"
 And grapthes be the lande spde,
 Galeis grete of fele fasotwe.
 now ar they shippid on the see,
 And wendyn ouyr the water wyde,
 Off bentwpe whan they myght se,
 Withe grete Route they gonne by Ryde ;
 w^t stode hem neyther stone ne tre,
 Bot brente and slow on Iche Al spde,
 launcelot is in hys beste Cpte,
 There he batelle wolde Al hyde.
 launcelot clepis hys knyghtis kene,
 His erlys, And hys barons holde,
 Bad hem ordeyne hem by twene
 To wete her wyllle what they wolde,
 To Ryde Al zepne hem Al by dene,
 Or ther worthe walles holde ;
 For well they wiste, w^t outen wene,
 for no fantyse Arthur nold folde.
 Bors de galwes, the noble knyght,
 stormnely spekys in that stounde,

"Doughty men that ye be doughte,
 Foundis your worship for to found,
 Withe spere and shelde and armes bryght
 A zeyne pour to men for to found,
 kynge, and duke, erle, and knyght,
 We shall hem bete And brynge to grounde."
 Iphonelle spekys in that tyme,
 That was of warre wyse And holde,
 "lordpngis, pit I rede we hyde,
 And oure worthy walles holde;
 Le them pryke w^t All ther pryde,
 Gylle they haue Caught bothe hungre and colde,
 Than shall we oute bypon them hyde,
 And shredde them downe as shepe in folde."
 Syr haundemorgew, that holde kynge,
 To launcelot spekys in that tyme,
 "Syr, cortessye And your sufferynge,
 Has wakend vs two full wyde;
 Advise you welle bypon thys thyng,
 Riff that they ouer oure landys hyde,
 All to noght they myght vs brynge,
 Whyle we in holys here vs hyde."
 Galphud, that Ap was goode,
 To launcelot he spekys thare,
 "Syr, here ar knyghtis of kynges blode,
 That longe wylle not droupe And dare;
 Gysse me leue, for crosse on rode
 Withe my men to them to fare,
 Thoughe they be wers than outlawes wode,
 I shall them sle and make full bare."

Off northe gales were bretherne seuen,
 Ferly mekelle of strenghe and pryde,
 Not full fele that men coude neuynne
 Better dorste in bataile hyde ;
 All thep sayd w^t one steuen,
 " Lordyngs, how longe wolte ye chyde ?
 Launcelot, for goddys loue in heuen,
 W^t galehud forthe lette vs fyde."
 Than spake the lord that was so hende,
 Hym Self spr launcelot delake,
 " Lordyngs, A whyple I rede we lende,
 And oure worthy wallys wake ;
 A message wille I to them sende,
 A trews be twene vs for to take,
 my lord is so corteise and hende
 That pit I hope Apees to make ;
 Thoughe we myght the worshyppe wynne,
 Off A thynge myn hert is sore,
 Thys land is of folke full thynne,
 Batayles has it made full bare ;
 Wete ye welle it were grete synne
 Crysten folke to sle thus more,
 Withe myldenesse we shall be gynne,
 And god shall wische vs wele to fare."
 And at thys Assent All thep ware,
 And Sette A wacche for to wake,
 knyghts breme as Any bare,
 And derfe of drede as is the drake.
 A Dampyselle thay dede be zare,
 And hastelp gon her lettres make,

A mayde sholde on the message fare,
 A trewys by twene them for to take.
 The mayde was full shene to shewe,
 Uppon her stede whan she was sette;
 Hyr parapille All of one hewe,
 Off A grene weluette;
 In hyr hand A braunche netwe,
 For why, that no man sholde her lette,
 Ther by men messangerys knetwe
 In ostes whan that men them mette.
 The kynge was lokyd in A felde
 By A rpuer brode And dreghe,
 A while she houpd, And by helde
 Babilons were pyghte on hyghe.
 She saughe there many comly telde
 Wythe pomelles, bryghte as goldis beghe,
 On one hynghe the kyngis shelde,
 That pauplon she dretw hyr nypghe.
 The kynges baner oute was sette,
 That pauplon she dretwe hyr nere,
 W^t A knyght full sone she mette,
 hyght " Syr lucan de bottellere."
 She hailsed hym, and he her grette
 The mayde w^t full mylde chere,
 Hyr erande was not for to lette,
 he wiste she was A messengere.
 Syr lucan downe gan hyr take,
 And in hys Armes forthe gandlede,
 hendely to her he spake,
 As knyght that wise was vndyr wede;

"Thou comeste from launcelot delake
 The beste that euer strode on stede,
 Thu, for hys modpris sake,
 pisse the grace wele to spede."
 Fevre was pight vypon A playne
 The pabiloun in fpyche A paraple,
 The kynge hym selfe, and spr gatwayne,
 Comely sytten in the halle;
 The mayde knelyd the kynge A gayne,
 So love to grounde gan she falle,
 here lettres were not for to layne,
 They were I rade A monge hem All.
 hendly and fevre the mayden spake,
 full layne of speche she wold be sped,
 "Spr, god pou saue from wo And wrake,
 And All pour knyghtis in fpyche wede;
 How grets wele, spr launcelot dulake,
 That w^t pou hathe bene euer at nede,
 A xij monthe trefuse he wolde take
 To lyue vypon hys owne lede;
 And sythen pisse pe make an heste
 he wille it holde w^t hys honde,
 By twene pou for to make pees
 Stabully ouer for to stonde:
 He wolle kape hym on A kesse
 Wyldely to the holy londe,
 There to lyue, w^t outen lese,
 Whyle he is man lybande."
 The kynge than clepid hys counsaile,
 Hys douzty knyghtis All by dene,

"Fyrste," he sayde, "w^t outen fayle,
 We thynke it were beste to sene;
 he were A sole, w^t outen fayle,
 So feyr forwardys for to fleme;"

The kynge the messngere thus d^{yd} assaple
 "It were pite to sette warre vs by twene."
 "Berts nap," sayd s^{yr} galwayne,
 "he hathe wroght me wo I nough,
 So traytorly he hathe my bredre slayne,
 All for pour loue & that is treuthe:
 To pngland will I not torne A gayne
 Tyll he be hangid on a boughe,
 Whyle me lastethe myght or mayne
 There to I shall fynd peple I noghe."
 The kynge hym self, w^t obeten lese,
 And Iche A lord is nought to layne,
 All thep spake to haue pese,
 But hym self s^{yr} galwayne.
 To bataple hathe he made hys hest,
 Or ellys neu^r to torne A gayne,
 Thep made hem fiedy to that fese,
 There fore was fele folke vnfayne.
 The kynge is comyn in to the halle,
 And in hys Ro^{pall} see hym sette,
 He made A knyght the mapden calle,
 S^{yr} lucane de bottele^r, w^t outen lette:
 "Say to launcelot, and hys knyghts All,
 suche an heste I haue hym hette,
 That we shall wend fot no walle,
 Tyll we w^t myghts onys haue mette."

The mapde had hyr Answere,
 Withe dreery hert she gan hyr dyght,
 hyr seyr palfrap lande she pare,
 And Syr lucan ledde her thedyr Ryght.
 So throlw A foreste gan she fare
 And hasted her w^t All hyr myght,
 There launcelot, and hys knyghts were,
 In bentwyl the brotygh w^t bemyng bryght.
 Now is she went w^t in the walle
 The worthy dampsselle sayre in wede,
 Pendely she Cam in to that halle
 A knyght hyr toke dowlne of hyre stede.
 A monge the prynces proude in palle
 She toke hyr lettres for to fiede,
 There was no counsayle for to calle,
 But fiedely husks them to that dede,
 As folkes that preste were to feight
 Frome feld wold they neuyr fle ;
 But by the morow that day was lycht,
 A boute by segyd was All there fee,
 pchone theyme Raped in All Ryghts
 Nothyr pty thought to flee.
 Ery as the day gan sprynge
 The trompetts bypon the wallis went,
 There myght they se a wondyr thyng
 Off teldys Riche, and many Wente.
 Syr arthur than, the comely kyng,
 w^t hys folks ther was lenty
 To peff Assaute, w^t oute lesyng,
 w^t Ablasters and bolwes henty.

Launcelot All for wondred was,
 Off the folke by fore the walle,
 But he had rather knowe that rease,
 Oute had ronne hys knyghts All;
 he sayd, " prynces bethe in pease,
 For folpse fele that myght by falle,
 piff thap will not ther sege sease,
 Full sore I hope for thynke hem shall."
 Than gatwayne, that was good at eu'p nede,
 Crapthid hym in hys gode Armour,
 And styffly sterte bypon A stede,
 That spker was in plke A stoure;
 Forthe he sprange, as sparke on glede,
 By fore the pates a gapne the toure,
 he bad A knyght come kythe mayne,
 A cours of werre for hys honoure.
 Wors degawones buskys hym botone
 Upo A stede that shuld hym bere,
 W helme, sheld, And hauberke browne,
 And in hys hand A full good spere;
 Oute he rode A grete handowne,
 Gatwayn kyd he cobde of werre
 hors, and man, bothe bare he downe,
 Suche A dynte he passe hym there:
 Byr lponelle was All redy than,
 And for hys broder was wonder woo,
 Redely w' hys stede oute flamme,
 And wende gatwayne for to sloo;
 Gatwayn hym kepte as he wele can,
 As he that ap was kene and thro,

Downte he bare bothe hors and man,
 And euery day som scrupd he soo.
 And so more than halfe apere,
 As longe as they there layne,
 Euery day men myght se there
 When woundyd, and som slayne.
 But how that eu' in world it were,
 Suche grace had sr galwayne,
 Eu' he passyd hole and clere,
 There myght no ma stand hy Agayne.
 Than it hy felle vpon A tpe,
 Spr galwayne, that was hende and free,
 He made hym redy for to fynde
 By fore the gats of the Cyte;
 Launcelot of treson, he be Cryed,
 That he had slayne hys bretherne thre,
 That launcelot myzte no lenger A hyde
 But he eu' A coward scholde be:
 The lord that grete was of honoure,
 Hym selffe sr launcelot bulake,
 A hode the gats vppon the toure
 Comely to the kynge he spake,
 " My lord, god saue poure honoure,
 We ys wo now for poure sake,
 A gaynste thy kynne to stonde in stoure,
 But nedys I muste thys batayle take."
 Launcelot armpd hym full wele,
 For sothe had full grete nede,
 Helme, haburke, and All of stele,
 And stifely sterte vppon A stede;

Hys harneysse lacked he neu' A dele,
 To were wantyd hym no webe,
 No weppyn w' All to dele,
 for the he sprange as sparke on glede.
 Than was it warnyd faste on hys
 How in world that it shud fare,
 That no man schold come hem nye,
 Tylle the tone dede, or polden ware.
 Folke w' drew them than hys,
 Upon the feld was brode and bare,
 The knyghts mette As men it spe
 how they sette there dynts sare.
 Than had syr galwayne suche agrace,
 An holp man had hoddyn that bone,
 Whan he were in Any place
 There he shuld batayle Done,
 Hys strength shuld wer in suche Aspace
 From the vndyr tyme tylle none,
 And launcelot for bare ay for that case,
 A gayne xx strokys he pass not one :
 Launcelot saw ther was no socoure,
 nedysse muste he hys venture Abyde,
 mayn A dynt he gan wele in dure,
 Tylle it drew nere the noon tyme;
 Than he straught in that stoure,
 And passe galwayne A wond wyde,
 The blode All couerpd hys coloure,
 And he felle dowe vpon hys syde;
 Thro to the helme, in to the hede,
 Was hardy galwayne woundyd so,

That vnnetly was hym lyfe leyd,
 On fote myght he no ferther goo ;
 But wightly hys swerd A botote he wavyd,
 For eu' he was bothe kene and thro,
 launcelot than hym lyand leydy,
 For All the world he nold hym slo.
 launcelot than hym dretwe on drephe,
 hys swerd was in hys hand drawen,
 And spe galwayne cryed lode on hys,
 " Trayto', And colward, come A gayne,
 Whan I Am hole, And goynge on hys,
 Than wille I pbe w' myght and mayne,
 And pit A thou woldyst ngyhe me npe,
 Thou shalt wele wete I am not slayn."
 " Galwayne, while thou myghts styfflye stonde,
 many A stroke to day of the I stode,
 And I for bare the in euery londe
 For lobe and for the kyngs blode;
 Whan thou arte hole in herte and hond,
 I rede the torne, and chaunge thy mode,
 Whyle I am launcelot, and man lebande,
 Gode sheld me frome werkys wode.
 But have good day, my lord the kyng,
 And pour doughty knyghts Alle,
 Wendyth home, A leue poure werrepeng,
 pe wyne no worshyp at thys walle ;
 And I wold my knyghts oute brynge,
 I wote full sore rewe it pe shalle,
 My lord, there fore, thynke on suche thynge,
 how fele folke there fore myght falle."

launcelot, that was moche of mayne,
 Boldely to hys Cyte wente,
 Hys good knyghts of were sayne,
 And hendely hym in armys hente.
 The tother pty, tho toke spr galwayne,
 They wessche hys woundys in hys tente,
 Or eu' he couerpd myght, or mayne,
 Unnethe was hym the lyffe lente :
 A fortenspyght, the sothe to sape,
 Full passynge seke, and vn sonde,
 There spr Galwayne, on lechynge lape,
 Or he were hole All of hys wounde.
 Than it by felle vypon A day,
 he made hym kedy for to wound,
 By fore the pat he toke the way,
 And Askyd batayle in that stownd ;
 " Come forth, launcelot, and pbe thy mayne,
 Thou traptost that hast treson wrought,
 my thre brethern thou haste slayne,
 And falsly theym to ground brought ;
 Whyle me lastethe myght, or mayne,
 Thys qarell lebe wyll I noght,
 He pees shall ther neu' be sayne,
 Or thy spydes be throw sought."
 Than launcelot thoght it no thynge gode,
 And for these words he was full wo,
 A hobe the gats, than he pde,
 And to the kyng he sayd so ;
 " Syr, me retwys in my mode,
 That galwayne is in hert so thro,

Who may me wyte for corse on Rode
 Thowzth I hym in bataylle sloo."
 Launcelot buskpd And made hym botone,
 he will holdelp the batayle A byde,
 W^r helme, shelde, And hauberke brotne,
 None bettr in All thys world wyde;
 W^r spere in hand, and gonfanotone,
 Hys noble swerd by hys spde,
 Oute he Rode a grete randotone
 Whan he was Redy for to Ryde.
 Galwayne gryppes A full good spere,
 And in he glydes glad and gay,
 Launcelot kydde he coude of were,
 And eyn to hym he takys the way :
 So stoutelp they gan to geder here,
 That marvayle it was, sothe to say,
 W^r dynts sore ganne they dere,
 And depe woundys daltpn thay.
 Whan it was nyghed nere hand none,
 Galwayne strenghe gan to in crese,
 So bitterly he helwde hym bypon
 That launcelot All for wery was;
 Than to hys swerd he gryppes A none,
 And sethe that galwayne wyl not sese,
 Suche A dynte he passe hym one,
 That many a Rycher felwed that resse;
 launcelot sterte forth in that stownde,
 And sethe that galwayne wyl no sease,
 The helme that was Rycher, and Rotonde,
 The noble swerd robe that rease :

he hpt hym A pon the olde wounde,
 That ouer the sadyll dowe he wente,
 And gryfely grond vpon the grond,
 And there was good galwayne shent.
 pit galwayne stwounge there as he lay,
 Grypped to hym bothe swerde And sheld,
 "lancelot" he sayd, "sothely to saye,
 And by hym that All thys world shall welde,
 Whyle me lastethe lyffe to dape,
 To the me shall I neu' peld;
 But do the werste that euer thou may,
 I schall defend me in the felde."
 Launcelot than full styll stode,
 As man that was moche of myght,
 "Galwayne, me rewe in my mode,
 Men hald the so noble A knyght,
 Wengstow I were so wode
 A gapest A feble man to fyght,
 I wyl not now, by crosse on rode,
 For neu' pit dyd by day nor nyght.
 But haue good day, my lord the kynge,
 And All poure douzty knyghts by dene,
 Wendyth home, and leue pour werryng,
 For here ye shall no worshyppe wyne;
 If I wolde my knyghts oute bryng,
 I hope full sone it shuld be sene,
 but, good lord, thynke vppon A thynge,
 The loue that hathe be vs by twene."
 After was it monthes two,
 As frely folke it vnder stode,

Or en' galwayne myght fynde, or go,
 Or had fore vpon erthe to stonde.
 The iij tyme he was full thro,
 To do batayle w' herte and hande,
 But than was word come hem to
 That they muste home to yngland.
 Suche mesage was hem brought,
 There was no man that thought it goode,
 The kynge hy selfe full sone it thought,
 Full moche mornyd he in hys mode
 That suche treson in yngland shuld be wrought,
 That he moste nedys ou' the fode :
 They brake sege, and homward sought,
 And After they had moche Angry mode.
 That fals trayto', sr mordreid,
 The kynges foster sone he was,
 And eke hys owne sone, As I rede,
 There fore men hym to steward chase,
 So falsely hathe he yngland ledde,
 Wete pou wele, w' outen lese,
 Hys Cme is wyffe wolde he wedde,
 That many A man retyrd that rease.
 Festys, made he, many and fele,
 And grete pistrys he pafe Also,
 They sayd, w' hym was Joye and wele,
 And in Arthurs tyme but sorow and woo.
 And thus gan fyght to wronge goo,
 All the concelle is noght to hele,
 Thus it was, w' outen moo,
 To hold mordred in londe w' wele :

false lettres he made be wroght,
And causyd messangers hem to brynge,
That Arthur was to grownde broght,
And these thep muste A nother kynge :
All thap sayd, as hem thought,
" Arthur loupd noght but warpnge,
And suche thyngge as hym selfe soght,
Ryght so he toke hys endynge."
mordred let crye A plement,
The peple gan thedyr to come,
And holly throuwe there assente
They made mordred kynge w^t crowne,
At canturbery, ferre in kente,
A fourtenpght held the feste in towne,
And after that to Wynchester he wente,
A Ryche brydale he lette make botone ;
In sompr, whan it was fapre and brypght,
Hys faders wyfe than wold he wedde,
And hys hold, w^t mayne and mypght,
And so hys brynge, as byrd to bedde ;
Sche prayd hym of leue A fourtenpght,
The lady was full hard be stad,
So to london, sche hys dygght,
That she, and hys maydens mypght be cledde.
The quene, whyte as lily floure,
W^t knyghts fele of her kynne,
She went to london to the towre,
And speryd the gates, And dwellyd ther in.
Mordred, changed than hys coloure,
Thedyr he went, and wold not blyme,

There to he made many a shoure,
 But the wallys myght he neu' wynnne.
 The Archebysshop of cant'bery thedyr pode,
 And hys crosse by fore hym broght,
 he sayd, " syr, for cryste on Rode,
 What haue ye now All in your thoght?
 Thy faders wyffe wether thou be wood
 To wedd her now mayste thou noght,
 Come Arthur euyr ouer the flooe,
 Thow mayste be bold it wyl be boght."
 " A nyse clerke," than mordred sayd,
 " Crotwiste thow to warne me of my wille;
 he hym that for vs suffred payne,
 These wordys shalt thou lpe full pille,
 w' wilde hors thou shalt be drayne,
 And hangyd hpe vpon An hille."
 The bischoppe to fle than was fayne,
 And suffred hym hys folpes to fulfille;
 Than he hym cursyd w' boke And belle
 At caunterbery, ferre in kente;
 Sone whan mordred herd ther of telle,
 To seche the bisschoppe hathe he sent.
 The byssshop durste no lenger dwelle,
 But gold And spluer he hathe hente,
 There was no lenger for to spelle,
 But to A wylbernesse he is went;
 The worldys wele ther he wyl for sake,
 Off Iope kepeth he neu' more,
 But A chapelle he lette make
 By twene two hpe holtyr hore;

There in werpd he the clothys blake,
 In woode as he an ermyte ware,
 Often gan he wepe and wake
 For yngland, that had suche sorowis sare.
 Wodred had than lpen full longe,
 But the tofore myght he neu' wyne
 W' strength, ne w' stoure stronge,
 ne w' none other kynnes gyne.
 Hys fader dred he euer A monge,
 There fore hys bale he mylle not blyme,
 He went to warne hem All w' wronge,
 The kyngdome that he was crownd inme :
 Forthe to Dover pan gan he Ryde,
 All the costys wele he kende,
 To erlys, And to barons, on plk A spde,
 Grete pittis he paffe, And lettres send,
 And for sette the see on plke A spde
 W' bold men, And botwes bente,
 Fro yngland that is brode And wyde,
 hys owne fader he wold deffend.
 Arthur that was mykelle of myght,
 W' hys folke come ower the flode,
 An C galeyse that were welle dyght,
 W' barons bold, And hys of blode.
 he wende to haue landyd, as it was Ryght,
 At Dower, ther hym thoght full gode,
 And ther he fande many An hardy knyght
 That styffe in stoure A gaynste hym stode.
 Arthur sone hathe take the land,
 That hym was lebest in to lende,

Hys fele fomen that he ther found,
 he wende by fore had bene hys frend.
 The kyng was wrothe, And welney woode,
 And w^t hys men he gan by wend,
 So strong Astoure was upon that stronde,
 That many A man ther had hys end.
 Syr galwayne armpd hym in that stonde,
 Alas, to longe hys hede was bare,
 He was seke, And sore vnsond,
 hys woundis greupd hym full sare.
 One hytte hym upon the olde wounde
 W^t A tronchon of An ore,
 There is good galwayne gone to gronde,
 That speche spake he neu^r more.
 Bold men w^t bolwes bente,
 Boldelp by in botes pode,
 And knyche hauberkys they knyche and kente,
 that Throth otte braste the Rede blode;
 Gronden gleybes throw hem wente,
 Tho games thoght theyn nothynge gode,
 But by that strong stoure was stente,
 The stronge stremps fan All on blode.
 Arthur was somoche of myght,
 Was ther none that hym w^t stode,
 He helppd bypon ther helmps bryght,
 That throw ther brestes fan the blode.
 By than that endyd was the fight,
 The false were feld, som wer fledde
 To canterberp, All that myght,
 To warne ther master syr mordred.

Mordred than made hym botone,
 And boldely he wylle batayle Abyde,
 Wth helme, scheld, And hauberke brotne,
 So All hys Robote gan forthe Ryde;
 They hem mette vppon barendowne,
 Full erly in the morowe tyme,
 Wth gleves grete, And gonfanotone,
 Brynly they gan to gedre Ryde.
 Arthur was of Ryche A Kape,
 And hornys blew lowde on hpyght,
 And mordred comyth glad and gay,
 As trayto^r that was false in fpyght.
 They faught All that longe day,
 Tyll the nyght was nyghed nyghe,
 Who had it sene, wele myght saye,
 That suche A stoure neu^r he syghe.
 Arthur than faught wth hert good,
 A nobler knyght was neu^r noon,
 Thro^w helmes into hede yt poode
 And steryd knyghts bothe blode And bone.
 Mordred for wrathe was nye wode,
 Callyd hys folke, And sayd to hem one,
 "Felebe yow for crosse on Rode,
 Alas, thys day so sone is goone."
 Fele men lyeth on bankys bare,
 Wth bryght brondys thro^w owte borne,
 Many A doughty man dede was thar,
 And many A lord hys lyfe hathe lorne.
 Mordred was full of sorowe And care,
 At canterbery was he vpon the morne,

And Arthur All myght he dwellpd thare,
 Hys frely folke lap hym by forne.
 Crely on the morow tpe
 Arthur bad hys hornys blotwe,
 And callpd folke on euery spde,
 And many A dede berped on A rotwe
 In pities that was depe And wpde,
 On Iche An hepe they layd hem lotwe,
 So All that ouer gone And fpe
 Som by there markys men myght knowe.
 Arthur went to hys dyner thane,
 Hys frely folke hym folowd faste,
 But whan he fand spr galwayne
 In A shyppe lape dede by A maste,
 Or euer he coverpd myght or mayne
 An C tymes hys hert myghe braste :
 Chap layd spr galwayne vpon A bere,
 And to the castell they hym bare,
 And in A chapell, A mydde the quere,
 That bold baron they berped thare.
 Arthur than changpd All hys chere,
 What wondyr thoghe hys hert was sare,
 Hys sust' sone, that was hym dere,
 Off hym shold he here neuwr mare.
 Spr Arthur, he wolde no lenger A byde,
 Than had he All maner of euyl feste,
 He sought aye forthe the southe spde,
 And toward Walys went he weste ;
 At salusburp he thought to byde,
 At that tyme he thought was beste,

And calle to hym by Wyntesontpde
 Barons hold to bataple preste;
 Unto hym came many A doughty knyght,
 For wyde in worlde thepse wordys sprange,
 That syr Arthur hade All the kyght,
 And mordred warred on hym w^t wronge.
 Bydolwe it was to se w^t syght,
 Arthur is oste was brode, And longe,
 And mordred, that was mykell of myght,
 W^t grete gyftes made hym stronge.
 Sone After the feste of the tryumpte,
 Was A bataple by twene hem sette,
 That A sterne bataple ther shuld be,
 For no lede wold they it lette;
 And syr Arthur makethe game And glee
 For myrth that they shuld be mette,
 And syr mordred can to the contre,
 W^t fele folke that ferre was fette.
 At myght, whan Arthur was brought in bedd,
 He shuld haue bataple vppon the morow,
 In stronge stowys he was by stedde,
 That many A man that day shuld haue sorow.
 hym thowht he satte, in gold All gledde,
 As he was comely kynge w^t croune,
 vpon A whele, that full wyde spredd,
 And All hys knyghts to hym botone.
 The whele was ferly kyche And rownd,
 In world was neuyr none halfe so hpe,
 There on he satte, kyche crounyd,
 W^t many a besaunte, broche, And be.

he lokyd downe vpon the ground,
 A blake water ther vndyr hym he see,
 W^{ch} Dragons fele there lay vn bounde,
 That no man durst hem nyrre nee.
 he was wondyr ferd to falle
 A monge the fendys, ther that faught,
 The whele ou^r tornyd ther w^{ch} All
 And eueryche by A hymme hym caught.
 The kyng gan lowde crye, And calle,
 As marred man of wytte vnsaught,
 hys chambrylains wakyd hym ther w^{ch} All,
 And woodely oute of hys slepe he raught.
 All nyght gan he wake And wepe,
 W^{ch} dreer hert, And sorowfull chere,
 And A gapyste day he felle on slepe,
 A houte hym was sette tapers sebyn :
 Hym thought Spr galwayne hym dpyd kepe,
 W^{ch} mo folke pan men can nebyn,
 By A Rpuer that was brode And depe,
 All sempd Angells cam from heuyn.
 The kyng was neuyr pit sofayne,
 hys soster gone whan that he spe,
 " Welcome," he sayd, " spr galwayne,
 And thou myght leue welle were me.
 Now, leue frend, w^{ch} outen layne,
 What Ar the folke that folow the ?"
 " Bertis, spr," he sayd A gayne,
 " They hyde in blysse ther I motte be.
 lordys they were, And ladys hende,
 Chys worldys lyffe that hanne for lorne,

Whyle I was man on lyffe to lende,
 I gaynste her sone I faught hem forne.
 now fynde I them my moste frende,
 They blysse the tyme that I was borne,
 They Asked lebe w^t me to wende,
 To mete w^t pow^r vpon thys morne.
 A monthe day of trewse moste ye take,
 And than to batayle be ye bayne,
 Now comethe to helpe lancelot dulaie
 W^t many A man mykell of mayne :
 To morne the batayle ye moste for sake,
 Or ellys, certis, ye shall be slayne."
 The kynge gan woefully wepe and wake
 And sayd, " Alas, thys fletowfull slayne,"
 hastely hys clothys on hym he dyde,
 And to hys lordys gan he saie,
 " In stronge sweynys I haue been stad,
 That glad I may not for no gamys gay,
 We muste vnto s^r mordred sende,
 And founde to take An other day,
 Or trewly thys day I mon be shende ;
 Thys know I in bed as I laie.
 God thou, s^r lucan deboteler,
 That wyse wordys haste in wolde,
 And loke, that thou take w^t the here
 Bysshopps fele, and barons holde."
 Forthe went they All in fere,
 in trew bokys as it is tolde,
 To s^r mordred and hys lords there they were,
 And an C knyghts All vn tolde.

The knyghts that were of grete valoure,
 By fore spr mordred as they stode,
 They gretyn hym w^t grete honoure,
 As barons hold, And hys of blode :
 " Ryght wele the gretys kynge Arthur,
 And praythe the w^t mylde mode,
 A monethe day to stynte thys stoure,
 For hys loue that dyed on Rode."
 Mordred that was bothe kene And bolde,
 Made hym breue As Any bore at bay,
 And sware by Judas that Jhe sold,
 " Suche salwes Ar not now to sape ;
 That he hathe hyght, he shall it hold,
 The tone of vs shall dye thys day,
 And telle hym trewly, that I tolde
 I shall hym marre pyffe that I may."
 " Spr," thay sayd, w^t owten lese,
 " Thou; thou And he to batayle bolde,
 manp A ryche shall reue that reassse,
 By All by dalte vpon thys dowe,
 yit were it better for to sease,
 And lette be kynge and here the crowne,
 And after hys dapes full dredelesse
 pe to welde All england towre And towne."
 mordred tho stode stille A whyle,
 And wrothely by hys eyne there wente,
 And sayd, " woste I it were hys wyll
 To geue me cornewale And kente ;
 lette vs mete vpon ponder hille,
 And talke to gedyr w^t gode entente,

Suche forwardys to full fylle,
 There to shall I me sone Assent ;
 And pisse we may w^t spechys spede
 W^t trew trotothes of entayle,
 hold the bode worde that we bede
 To peue me kente And cornwaple,
 Trew loue shall ther lenge And lende,
 And settis forwardys pif we sayle,
 Apthur to sterte vppon A stede
 styffely for to do batayle.”
 “ Sur, wyl pe come in suche maner,
 W^t xij knyghts or fourtene,
 Or ellys All your strenghe in fere,
 W^t helmes bryght, And hauberkys shene.”
 “ Setys nap,” than sayd he there,
 “ Othur warke thou thare not wene,
 But bothe our hoostis shall nyghe nere,
 And we shalle talke them by twene.”
 They toke ther leue, w^t owtyn lese,
 And wyghtely vpon there way wente,
 To kynge Arthur the way they chese,
 there that he satte w^t in hys tente ;
 “ Syr, we haue pserpyd pease,
 Pisse pe wille ther to Assente,
 Gyffe hym the crowne After your dapes,
 And in power lyffe cornwaple and kente.
 To hys by heste pisse pe will holde,
 And your trouthe trewly ther to plyght,
 maketh All redy your menbolde,
 w^t helme, sword, And hauberke bryght ;

pe schall mete bypon pone molde,
 That aþther oste may se w^t spght,
 And þiff þo^r foreward faple to holde,
 There is no bote but for to spght."
 But whan Arthur herd thys neþpn,
 Trewly ther to he hathe stworne,
 And Araped hym w^t bataples seupn,
 W^t brode baners by fore hym borne.
 They lempd lyght As Any lempn,
 Whan they shold mete vpon the morne,
 There lybes no man vndyr heupn
 A feprer spght hath sene by forne.
 But mordred many men had mo,
 So mordred that was mykell of mayne,
 he had eue rij A gapnste hym two
 Off barons hold to bataple bayne.
 Arthur And mordred bothe were thro
 Shuld mete bothe vpon A playne,
 The wyse shuld come to And fro
 To make A cord the sothe to sayne.
 Arthur in hys herte hathe Caste,
 And to hys lordis gan he sape,
 " To ponder trapto^r haue I no truste
 But that he woll by falselly be trape;
 þiff we may not oure forwardys faste,
 And þe se any weppn drapne,
 prespthe forth the As pices praste,
 That he & All hys hoste be slapne."
 mordred that was kene And thro,
 hys frely folke he sayd to forne,

" I wote that Arthur is full woo
 That he hathe thus hys landys lorne;
 W^t fourtene knyghts And no mo,
 shall we mete at pondyr thorne,
 yift Any treason by twene vs go
 That brode baners forth be borne."
 Arthur, w^t knyghts fullylly riij,
 To that thorne on fote they forde,
 W^t helme, sheld, And hauberke shene,
 Ryght so they trotted bypon y^r grotonde.
 But As they A cordyd schulde haue bene,
 An Edder glode forth bypon the grotonde,
 he stange A knyght, that men myght sene
 That he was seke, And full yn solowde;
 Owte he braped w^t A swerd bryght,
 To kille the Aldder had he thoghe,
 Whan Arthur pty saw that spght,
 Frely they to gedyr sought;
 There was no thyng w^t stande theym myght,
 They wend that treson had bene wroughte,
 That day dyed many A doughty knyght,
 And many A holdeman was broght to noght.
 Arthur stert bypon hys stede,
 He saw no thyng hym w^t stand myght,
 mordred owte of wytte nere pebe,
 And wrothely in to hys sadyll he hgyht:
 Off A corde was no thyng to bede,
 But fettered sperys, and to gedyr sprete,
 Full many A doughty man of dede
 Done there was leyde bypon the hente.

mordred I marpd many A man,
 And holdely he gan hys batayle abyde,
 So sternely oute hys stede Ranne,
 many A robte he gan thro to fynde.
 Arthur of batayle neupe blanne
 To dele woundys wyke and wyde,
 Fro the morow that it by game,
 Tyll it was nere the myght's tyde ;
 There was many A spere spente,
 And many A thro word they spake,
 many A bronde was botwode, and bente,
 And many A knyght's helme they brake.
 Wyche helmes they Roffe and rente,
 The wyche robtes gan to gedre Rake,
 And C thousand vpon the bente
 The holdest or evyn was made Rycht meke.
 Wyche breytayne owte of trop was sought,
 And made in breytayne hys owne womme,
 Suche woundys neupe ere was wrought
 Neupe pit vnder the sonne.
 By evyn, leyd was there nocht
 That eupe steyd w' blode or bone,
 But Arthur, and ij that he chedre broghte,
 And mordred was leyd there Alone ;
 The tone was Iucan debotelere
 That bled at many A hale full wound,
 And hys brodre spe hedwere,
 Was sely seke, and sore vnsounde.
 Than spake Arthur these wordys there,
 " Shall we not brynge this theffe to ground ? "

A spere he grepped w^t fell chere,
 And felly they gan to gedyr found :
 he hytte mordred amydde the breste,
 And oute At the backe bone hym bare,
 There hathe mordred hys lyffe loste,
 That speche spake he neuyr mare ;
 But kenely by hys Arme he caste,
 And pass Arthur A wound sare
 In to the hede, throw the helme And creste,
 That iij tymes he stotompyd thare.
 Syr lucan, And syr Bedwere,
 By twene theym two the kyng by held,
 So forthe went tho iij in fere,
 And All were slayne that lay in feld.
 The doughty kyng that was hem dere,
 For sore myght not hym self weld,
 To A chapelle they went in fere,
 Off bote they saw no better held ;
 All myght thay in the chapelle laye
 Be the see syde, As I nowt newyn,
 To mary, " mercy," cryand aye,
 W^t drey herte and sorowfull stebyn ;
 And to hyr leue sonne gan they pray,
 " Jhu, for thy namys sebyn,
 Wis hys solde the fyght way,
 That he lese not the blysse of hebyn."
 As s^r lucan deboteler stode,
 he sey folk vypon playmes hpe,
 Bold barons of bone and blode,
 They kiste theym besaunt, broche, and be,

And to the kynge Agayne thap gode
 Hym to warne w' wordys slee;
 To the kynge spake he full stille
 Retwiffull As he myght than stotone,
 " Syr, I haue bene At pone hille,
 There fele folke dratwen to the dowe;
 I note whedyr thep wyl be good or yle,
 I rede we buske, And make us botwe,
 piff it be pour worthp wille,
 That we wende to som towe."
 " Now syr lucan, As thow stadde
 Ipste me by, whyle that I may laste;"
 Bothe hys Armes on hym he sprad
 W' All hys strenght to hold hym faste;
 The kynge was wondyd, and for bled,
 And stotwypng, on hym hys epne he caste,
 Syr lucan was hard by stadde,
 He held the kynge to hys otwe braste.
 Whan the kynge had stownd there
 By an Auter by he stode,
 Syr lucan that was hym dere
 Lay dede, And somp in the blode;
 Hys hold brothyr syr Bedwere,
 Full mykell mornyd in hys mode,
 For sorow he myzte not myghe hym nere,
 But euyr weppd As he were wode.
 The kynge tornyd hym there he stode
 To syr Bedwere, w' wordys kene,
 " Have Excalaber my stwerd good,
 A better brond was neuyr sene,

Go, Caste it in the salt flode,
 And thou shalt se wonder as I wene,
 hpe the faste, for crosse on Rode
 And telle me what thou haste ther gene."
 The knyght was bothe hende and free,
 So save that swerd he was full glad,
 And thought, whethyr I better bee
 pif neuyr man it After had,
 And I it caste in to the see
 Off mold was neuyr man so mad.
 The swerd he hpd vndyr A tree,
 And sayd, " spr, I ded as ye me had."
 " What saw thow there ?" than sayd the kynge,
 " Telle me now pif thow can ;"
 " Serres spr," he sayd, " nothynge
 But watres depe, And watres warne."
 " A now thou haste broke my byddynge
 Why haste thou do so, thow false man ?
 A nother hode thou muste me brynge :"
 Thanne careffully the knyght forthe Ranne,
 And thought the swerd pit he wold hpd,
 And keste the scauberke in the flode,
 pif Any Adventurs shall be tyde,
 There by shall I se tokenys goode.
 In to the see he lette the scauberke glyde ;
 A whyle on the land hee there stode ;
 Than to the kynge he wente that tyde
 And sayd, " spr, it is done by the Rode."
 " Saw thow Any wondres more ?"
 " Serres spr, I saw nought ;"

"A false traytor," he sayd thore,
 "Thyse thou haste me treson wrought;
 That shall thow rew sely sore,
 And he thou hold it shalbe bought."
 The knyght than cryed, "lord, thyn ore,"
 And to the swerd sone he sought.
 Syr bedwere saw that bote was beste
 And to the good swerd he wente,
 In to the see he hpt keste,
 Than myght he se what that it mente;
 There cam An hand, w^t outen keste,
 Oute of the water, And feyre it hente,
 And brandysshyd As it shuld braste,
 And sythe as gleme A way it glente.
 To the kynge A gayne wente he thare
 And sayd, "lebe syr, I saw An hand;
 Oute of the water it cam All bare
 And thryse brandysshyd that Ryche brande."
 "helpe me sone that I ware there."
 he lede hys lord vnto that strende
 A ryche shyppe w^t maste And ore,
 Full of ladys there they fonde.
 The ladys that were feyre and free
 Curteysly the kynge gan they songe,
 And one, that bryghtest was of blee,
 Weppd sore, and handys wrange,
 "Broder," she sayd, "wo ys me;
 Fro lechynge hastow be to longe,
 I wote that gretely greuyth me,
 For thy paynes Ar full stronge,"

The knyght kest A reufull rowne,
 There he stode sore, and vnsownde,
 And say, " lord, whedyr Ar ye botwne,
 Allas, whedyr wyl ye fro me sownde?"
 The kynge spake w^t A sorp sowne,
 " I wille wende A lytell stownde
 In to the vale of Avelobne,
 A whyple to hele me of my wounde."
 Whan the shyppe from the land was broght,
 Syr bedwere saw of hem no more,
 Thro the forest forthe he soughte,
 On hyllys, and holtes hore;
 Of hys lyffe thought he fyght noght,
 All nyght he went wepyng sore,
 A gapste the day he sownde ther wrought
 A chapelle by twene ij holtes hore.
 To the chapell he toke the way,
 There myght he se A woundyr spght,
 Than saw he where an ermyte lay
 By fore A tombe, that new was dughte,
 And coberyd it was w^t marboll graue,
 And w^t fyche lettres fapled Arpght;
 There on An herse, sothely to sape,
 W^t An C tappers lyghte.
 Unto the ermyte wente he thare,
 And Askyd who was herped there;
 The ermyte Answerpd stwthe pare,
 " There of can I tell no more,
 A botwte mydnyght were ladys here,
 In world ne wyste I what they were,

Thys body they broght hypon A here
 And herped it w^t woundys sore.
 Desabntys offred they here bryght,
 I hope an C pound, and more,
 And bad me pray, bothe day And nyght,
 For hym that is hurped in these moldys hore
 Unto ower lady, bothe day And nyght,
 That she hys soule helpe sholde."
 The knyght redde the lettres A ryght,
 For sorow he fell vnto the folde;
 "Ermyte," he sayd, "w^t oute lesynge
 here lyeth my lord that I haue lorne,
 Bold arthur, the beste knyge
 That euyr was in breytayne borne;
 gif me som of thy clothynge,
 For hym that bare the crowne of thorne,
 And leue that I may w^t the lenge
 Whyle I may leue, And pray hym forne."
 The holy ermyte wolde not wounde,
 Some tyme Archebischop he was,
 That mordred slempd oute of londe,
 And in the wode hys wonnyng chase.
 he thankyd Ihu All of hys sounde
 That spr bedwere was comyn in pease,
 he resaybed hym w^t herte And honde,
 To gedyr to dwelle w^t outen lese.
 Whan quene Gynnor, the kynges wyffe,
 Wyste that All was gone to wrake,
 A way she went, w^t ladys fyve,
 To Abynsbery, Anoune hyr for to make

Ther in she lyved An holy lyffe,
 In prayers for to wepe, And wake,
 naye After she coude be blythe,
 There werpd she clothys whyte And blake.
 Whan thys tydpyngs was to launcelot broght,
 What wondyr thowgh hys hert were sore,
 hys men hys frendys to hym sought,
 And All the wyse that w^t hym were ;
 her gallases were All fedy wrought,
 They buskpd theyme, And made pare,
 To helpe Arthur was ther thoght,
 And make mordred of blysse full bare.
 launcelot had crowmpd kyngs sebyn,
 Erlys fele, And barons bold,
 The nombyr of knyghts I can not nebyn,
 The squyres to fele to be told ;
 They lempd lyght as Any leme,
 The wynde was as hem self wold,
 Throgh the grace of god of hebyn
 At douer they toke haupn And hold.
 There herd telle lancelot in that towne,
 In lond it is not for to layne,
 how they had faught at barendowne,
 And how herped was s^r galwayne,
 And how mordred wold be kyng w^t crowne,
 And how apther of theyn had other slayn,
 And All that were to batayle botone
 At salysbery, lay dede vpon the playne :
 Also in londe herd hys knyghte
 That made hys hert wonder sare,

quene Caynor, the kyng's wyffe,
 Wyche had leyd in sorow and care ;
 A way she went, w^t ladyes fyve,
 In lond thei wyste not whedyr whar,
 Dolowyn dede, or to be on lyve,
 That made hys mornynge moche the mare.
 Lancelot clepid hys kyngs w^t crotone,
 Hys hors stode hym nere he spde,
 he sayd, " lordyngs, I wyll wend to forne,
 And by these bankys ye shall A hyde
 Unto fyftene dapes at the morne,
 In lond what so euer ys be tyde,
 To herkyn what lord hys lyffe hathe lorne
 loke ye fapye pow not by to fyde."
 There had he nouthur floo, ne feste,
 But forthe he went w^t dreer mode,
 And iij dapes he went euen weste,
 As man that coude nother yvell nor good ;
 Than sythe he tohere A towre by weste
 Was bygged, by A burnys flode,
 There he hoppd it were beste
 For to gete hym som lyves stode.
 As he cam thow A cloyster clere,
 All moste for wepyng he was mad,
 he see A lady, bryght of lere,
 In nonnys clothynge was she clad ;
 Thyrse she stowonpd stopftely there,
 So stronge paynes she was in stad,
 That many A man than myghed hys nere,
 And to hys chambyr was she ladde :

"Mercy madame," they said All,
 "For Ihu, that is kyng of blysse,
 Is there Any byrd in houre or halle
 hathe wrathed yow," she said, "nay I wisse."
 lancelot to hyr gan they calle,
 The Abbess, and the other nonys I wisse,
 They that wond w' in the walle,
 In counselle there than said they thus;
 "Abbess, to you I knowlache here,
 That thow this ylle man And me,
 For we to gedre han loved vs dere,
 All this sorowfull werre hathe be;
 my lord is slayne that had no pere,
 And many A doughty knyght And free,
 There fore for sorowe I dyed nere,
 As sone as I euer hym gan see.
 Whan I hym see, the sothe to say;
 All my herte by gan to colde,
 That euer I shuld I byde this day,
 To se so many barons holde
 Shuld for vs be slayne A way.
 Oure wille hathe be to sore bought sold,
 But god, that All myghts make,
 Now hathe me sette where I wll hold:
 I sette I am In suche A place,
 my soule hele I wll I byde,
 Telle god send me som grace,
 Thow mercy of his woundys wyde;
 That I may do so in this place
 my synns to I mende this ilke tyme,

After to haue I spght of hys face
 At Dompys Day on hys Ryght spde :
 There fore, syr lancelot dulake,
 For my loue now I the pray
 my company thowt Ape for sake,
 And to thy kyngdome thowt take thy way,
 And kepe thy kene from werre And wrake,
 And take A wyffe w^t her to play;
 And loue wele than thy worldys make,
 God piff powt Iope to gedyr I pray;
 Unto god I pray, All myghty kyng;
 he pefte powt to gedyr Iope And blysse,
 But I beche the, in All thyng,
 That newyr in thy lyffe After thysse
 ne come to me for no sokerynge
 Nor send me sond, but dwelle in blysse :
 I pray to god euer lastyng,
 To Graunte me grace to mend my mysse.”
 “ Powt swete madame, that wold I not doo
 To haue All the world vnto my mode,
 So vntrew fynd ye me newyr mo,
 It for to do, cryste me for bede ;
 For bede it god, that euer I shold
 A gaynste powt worche so grete vnrpyht,
 Spne we to gedyr vpon thys mold
 haue led othre lyffe by day And nyght ;
 Unto god I piffe a heste to holde
 The same destemp that powt is dyghte,
 I will Ressepbe in som house bolde
 To plesse here After god All myght ;

To please god All that I mape
 I shall here After do myne entente,
 And enye for yow spech Ally pray,
 While god wylle me lyste lyste."
 "A wylte thou so," the quene gan say,
 "Full fyll thys forward that thou has ment?"
 lancelet sayd, "yiff I sayd nay,
 I were wele worthye to be brent;
 Brent to bene worthye I were,
 yiff I wold take non suche A lyste,
 To byde in penance as ye do here
 And suffre for god sorow and streffe;
 As we in lpyngge luffed in fere,
 By marp, moder, made, and wylle,
 Tyll god vs departe w' dethe dere
 To penance I yeld me here As blythe;
 All blybe to penance I wylle me take,
 As I may fynde Any ermyte,
 That wylle me Resseyue for goddys sake,
 me to clothe w' whete And blake."
 The sorow that the tone to the tother gan make
 myght none erthely man se hylte,
 "madame," than sayd launcelot delake,
 "kysse me, And I shall wende as tye."
 "nay," sayd the quene, "that wylle I not,
 launcelot, thynke on that no more,
 To Absteyne vs we muste haue thought,
 For suche we haue deyled in ore;
 lett vs thynke on hym that vs hathe bought,
 And we shall please god ther fore,

Thynke on thys world, how there is noght
 But warre, And stryffe, And batayle sore."
 What helpeth lenger for to spelle,
 W^t that they gan departe in twene,
 But none erthely man cobde telle
 The sorow that there by gan to bene;
 Wryngyng ther hands, and lotwde they pelle,
 As they neu^r more shuld blyne,
 And sythe in swonne bothe downe they selle,
 Who saw that sorow eue^r myght it mene.
 But ladyes than, w^t mornynge there,
 In to the chambyr the quene they bare,
 And All full besy made theym there,
 To cover the quene of hyr care.
 Many Also that w^t lancelot were,
 They comforte hym w^t rethfull care,
 Whan he was coveryd, he toke hys gere,
 And went from thense w^t outen mare.
 hys hert was hevy As A my lede,
 And leuer he was hys lyffe haue lorne,
 he sayd " Ryghtwosse god, what is my Rede,
 Allas for bare why was I borne?"
 A way he went, as he had fled,
 To A foreste that was hym by forne,
 hys lyffe sayne he wold haue leupd,
 hys Ryche A tpre he wold haue of torne.
 All myght gan he wepe, And wrynge,
 And went A houte As he were wode,
 Crely As the day gan sprynge
 Tho spghe he where A chapell stode,

A belle herd he reiofully kynge,
 he hyed hym than, And thedyr pobe,
 A preste was Redy for to synge,
 And masse he herd, w^t dreer mode ;
 The Arshepssshoppe was ertye thare,
 That stempd was for hys werkys treto,
 The masse he sange w^t spghing sare,
 And ofte he changyd hyde, and hewe,
 Syr bedwere had sorow And care,
 And ofte mornyd for the werkys newe :
 Aftyr masse was mornynge mare,
 Whan Iche of hem othyr knewe ;
 Whan the sorow was to the ende,
 The bps hope toke hys obbyte thare
 And welcomyd launcelot as the hend,
 And on hys knees downe gan he fare ;
 " Syr, ye be welcome as oure frende
 Unto thys byggynge in bankys bare,
 Were it powre wyll w^t vs to lende
 Thys one myght yiff ye may mare."
 Whan they hym knew at the laste,
 Fevre in Armys they gan hym folde,
 And sothe he askyd frely faste
 Off Arthur, And of other bolde.
 An C tymes hys hert ne braste,
 Whyle syr Bedwere the tale told,
 To Arthur is tombe he caste,
 Hys carefull corage werid All cold ;
 He threth hys armys to the walle,
 That Ryche were and bryght of blee,

By fore the empte he gan doctore falle,
 And comely knelyd vpon hys knee :
 Than he shrobe hym of hys synnes Alle,
 And prayd he myght hys broder be,
 To serue god in houre, and halle,
 That myght full kynge of mercy free ;
 That holy bisshope nold not blypne,
 But blypthe was to do hys boone,
 He ressepuyd hym, w^t wele and wyne,
 And thankyd Ihu trew in trone,
 And shroffe hym ther of hys synne
 As clene as he had neuyr done none,
 And sythe he kypte hym, cheke and chynne,
 And an Abbyte ther dyd hym vpon.
 hys grete hooste at dober lape,
 And wende, he shuld haue comyn A gayne,
 Tyll After by felle vpon A day,
 Syr Iyonell, that was mekyl of mayne,
 W^t fyfty lordys, the sothe to sape,
 To seche hys lord he was full fayne,
 To london he toke the ryght way,
 Alas for woo, there was he slayne.
 Bors Degawones wold no lenger Abyde,
 But buskyd hym, And made All botwe,
 And had All the oste homeward Ryde,
 God send theym wynd and wedyr stownd.
 To seke lancelot wyl he Ryde,
 Ector, and eche, dyverse wayes gode,
 And bors solwght forthe the weste syde,
 As he that coude nowther phell nor gode.

Full Erly in A morow tpe,
 In a foreste he found A welle,
 he Rode eynr forth by the Ryber syde,
 Tyll he had syght of A chapelle;
 There at masse thought he A byde,
 Fietowfully he herd A belle Rynge,
 Ther lancelot he fand, w^t mekelle pryde,
 And prayd he myght w^t hym there dwelle.
 Or the halfe pere were comen to the ende,
 There was compn of there felowse sebyn,
 Where pchone had sought there frend,
 W^t sorowfull herte, And dreery stebyn.
 had neuwr none wpll A way to wend
 Whan they herd of launcelot nebyn,
 But All to gedyr there gan they lend,
 As it was goddys wpll of heuyn.
 holpche All the sebyn perps,
 lancelot was preste, and masse songe,
 In penance, and in dyverse prapers,
 That lyffe hym thought no thyng longe.
 Syr hors, And hys other serps,
 On bokys Redde and bellys Ronge,
 So lptell they were of hym And lerps,
 Theym to know it was stronge.
 hpyte felle, A gayne an eyn tpe,
 That launcelot sekenpd sely sare,
 The byssshop he cleppd to hys syde
 And All hys felows lesse and mare;
 he sayd, " bretherne, I map no lenger A byde,
 my balefull blode of lyffe is bare,

What hote is it to hele And hyde,
 my fowle flesshe will to erthe fare.
 but, bretherne, I pray you to myght,
 To morow, whan ye fynde me dede,
 vpon A here that ye wyl me dpyght
 And to Ioves garde than me lede.
 For the loue of god All myght,
 Beryp my body in that stede,
 Some tyme my trowthe ther to I pyght
 Alas, me for thynketh that I so dpyd."
 "mercy s", "they sayd All three,
 "for hys loue that dyed on Rode,
 gif Any pbell haue grepyd the,
 hys ys bot hebynesse of powver blode;
 To morow ye shall better be,
 Whan were ye but of comforte gode."
 Merely spake All men but he,
 But strepyght vnto hys bed he pde,
 And clepyd the byssshope hym vntyll,
 And shrobe hym of hys spynnes clene,
 Off All hys spynnes, loude And styll,
 And of hys spynnes myche dpyd he mene.
 Ther he kysseyd w' good wylle
 God mary is sonne mayden clene,
 Than horsyf wepyng had neuyr hys fylle,
 To hedde they pde than All by dene.
 A lytell whyle by fore the day,
 As the byssshop lay in hys bed,
 A laughter toke hym there he lape,
 That All they were fyght sore A dede ;

They wakenyd hym, for sothe to sape,
 And Askyd, pif he were hard by sted,
 he sayd, " Alas, And wele I way,
 Why ne had I lenger thus be ledd ?
 Alas, why myghed ye me nye
 To I wake me in word or stehyn,
 here was launcelot bryght of blee,
 W^t Angellis xxx thousand and sebyn ;
 hym they bare vpon hys,
 I gaynste hym openyd the gatys of hebyn,
 Suche I syght syght now I see
 Is none in erthe that myght it nebyn."
 " Syr," thay sayd, " for crosse on Rode,
 Dothe suche wordys elene I way,
 Syr lancelot eplythe no thynge but gode,
 he shall be hole by prynte of day."
 Candell they lyght, And to hym gode,
 And folowde hym dede, for sothe to sape,
 Rode and faper of flesshe And blode
 syght as he in sleppynge laye.
 " Alas, syr hors, that I was borne,
 That euyr I shuld see thys in dede,
 The beste knyght hys lyffe hathe lorne
 That euyr in stoure by strode I stede."
 Ihu, that crownd was w^t thorne,
 Unto the fift day at the morne
 They lefte not for to spage, And Rode
 In heuyn hys soule faster and fede :
 And After they made theym I here,
 The byssshop, and these other hold,

And forthe they wente All in fere,
 To Jopes garde that Ryche hold.
 In A chapell, a myddys the quere,
 A grave they made as thay wold,
 And iij dayes they wakyd hym there
 In the castell w^t carps cold :
 Ryght as they stode A bolwte the here,
 And to bereynge hym shold haue brotwght,
 In cam syr Ector, hys brodyr dere,
 That vij pere A fore had hym sought ;
 he lokyd vp in to the quere,
 To here A masse than had he thought,
 For that they All Rabysshyd were,
 They knew hym, and he hem nought :
 Syr hors bothe wepte, And sange,
 Whan they that sepre faste unfold,
 There was none but hys handys wrange,
 The bysshop, nor none of the other hold.
 Syr Ector than thought longe,
 What thys corps was, feyne wete he wolde,
 In C tymes hys herte npe sprange,
 By that hors had hym the tale tolde ;
 Full hendely s^r hors to hym spakke
 And sayd " welcome syr Ector, I wisse,
 here lyethe my lord lancelot dulake
 for whome that we haue mornyd thus."

Than In Armys they gan hym take,
 The dede body to chyppe and kysse,
 And prayed All myght, he myght hym wake
 For Jhu love kynge of blysse.

Byr Ector of hys wytte nere wente,
 Walowed and wronge, as he were woode,
 So woefully hys mone he mente,
 hys sorow myngyd All hys mode.
 Whan the corps in Armys he hente,
 The terps stote of hys pen pode,
 At the laste they myght nolenger stent
 But herped hym w^t drecy mode;
 Spthen on there knees they knelyd dowe,
 Grete sorow it was to se w^t spght,
 Unto Ihu cryste Aske I a boone
 And to hys moder mary bryght;
 "lord, As thou madyst bothe sonne and mone,
 And god, And man, arte moste of myght,
 Brynge thys soule vnto thy trone,
 And eue thou Reddeste on gentyll knyght."
 Byr Ector tent not to hys stede,
 Whedyr he wold stynt, or Reme Away,
 But w^t theym to dwelle and lede
 For lancelot All hys lyffe to pray;
 On hym byd he armytes wede,
 And to hys chapell went hys way,
 A fourtenyght on fote they pede,
 Or they home come for sothe to say.
 Whan they came to Abynsbery,
 Wede they lande Bayno^r the quene,
 W^t Roddys sepre, and Rede as chery,
 And forthe they bare hys theym by twene,
 And herped hys w^t masse full mercy
 Byr spr Arthur, As I pow mene;

Now hyght there chapell glassynbery,
 An Abbay, full Ryche of order clene.
 Off lancelot dulake telle I ne more,
 But thus by lebe these ernyptes sebyn,
 And yit is Arthur berped thore,
 And quene Gaynour, as I yow nebyn,
 Wth monkes that ar Ryght of lore,
 They Kede, and synge, wth mylde stebyn,
 "Ihu, that suffred woundes sore,
 Graunt vs All the blysse of hebyn!"

Amen.

Expycit le morte Arthur.



GLOSSARY.

Agilte, to offend, to sin against.	Byggyd, built.
Are, ere, ever, before.	Byrd, a damsel.
Arn, are.	
Astounde, astonished.	Clippe, to embrace.
Auntres, adventures, feats of arms.	Clongyn, clung.
	Clough, a broken cliff.
	Comsemente, commencement, be- ginning.
Bale, evil, sorrow.	Couthe, knew, was able.
Bare, a wild boar.	Crye, a pack, or party, also the clamour of battle.
Bayn, ready.	
Bede, to order.	
Bee, a crown, bracelet.	
Beghe, a crown.	
Bente, the bending or declivity of a hill.	Dele, dolour, sorrow, to part.
Besaunt, a piece of money.	Dese, the upper part of the hall, the high table in a hall.
Blee, sight, look, colour, favour.	Doelle, grief.
Blynne, cease, stop.	Doluen, digged, buried.
Boke and Bel, a solemn curse de- nounced at high mass.	Dore, there.
Bote, boot, chance.	Dour, endure.
Bowne, ready.	Dreche, to vex, to trouble.
Brayde, drew quickly.	Dreghe, slow.
Breme, fierce.	Drye, behind, tedious, irksome.
Brenne, burn.	Dyd, put.
Bronde, a sword.	Dynte, a blow, a stroke.
Brondys, brands, faggots.	
Buskyd, dressed.	Eme, uncle.
Bydene, together, immediately.	Endris, day, the other day.
	Entayle, shape.

Fayne, joyful, glad.
 Feloun, wicked, cruel.
 Ferd, fared, happened.
 Fere, in fere, in company, together.
 Ferys, companions; fere, healthy;
 withouten fere, without equal.
 Ferly fele, very many.
 Fewtred, encountered, entangled.
 Flemyd, banished.
 Fon, foes.
 Fong, to take.
 Forne, for.
 Forthy, therefore.
 Frayne, to ask.

 Gabbe, to talk idly.
 Gaff, himself to, addicted himself to,
 paid attention to him.
 Gatys, ways.
 Gled, shining.
 Glede, burning coal.
 Gleve, a lance.
 Gounfanoun, a banner.
 Grayde o fit up.
 Gre, prize, victory.
 Gredde, to cry, to declare, to lament.
 Grett, greeted; grette, wept.
 G onden, sharpened.
 Gere, all sorts of instruments of war,
 &c. &c.

 Hale, whole, health, welfare.
 Hele, to conceal.
 Hende, civil, polite, kind.
 Hente, taken, caught.
 Holt, a wood, a forest, a hill.
 Hore, hoary, grey, ancient, bare.
 Hove, to stand still.

Inchesson, occasion.

 Klepitte, called.
 Klyppid, embraced.
 Kyd, known, discovered.
 Kyrtelles, waistcoats, outer garments.
 Kythe, to shew.

 Layne, to conceal.
 Lede, country, people.
 Lees, lyes.
 Leff, beloved, dear
 Lefte, remained.
 Leme, to shine.
 Lemyn, a flame.
 Lend, to stay.
 Lente, leaned.
 Leyre, face, colour, complexion.
 Ligge, to speak falsely, to lie down.
 Lily, loyal, true.
 Lith, a limb, light, gentle.
 Logge, lodging.
 Loreine, caparison of a horse.
 Lough, to laugh.
 Lowde and still, at all times.
 Lythe, to listen.
 Lyn, features, lineaments.
 Luste, pleasure, to please, listening.
 Lymys, limbs.

 Marred, destroyed, spoiled.
 May, a young maiden.
 Mold, ground, also the crown of the
 head.
 Mene, acquaint, introduce, mention.

 Nas, was not.

Nevyn—Namre, relate, tell.

Niste, knew not.

Nold, would not.

Nome, name, taken.

Onemente, of one mind, agreeing.

Ore, patient hearing, sometimes before.

Overeste, uppermost.

Pomelles, balls.

Preste, ready.

Pryke, to ride, to gallop.

Radde, advised.

Rape, Rappe, to haste.

Rayne, cry, sound.

Rese, race, course, with force.

Resse, hurry.

Rigge, the back.

Roo, repose.

Routhe, ruth.

Rowne, to whisper.

Ryffe, frequent, common.

Samen, together.

Samyte, a rich silk or satin.

Saumbucs, housings.

Sangrayle, the holy vessel out of which the last Passover was eaten.

Sayn, say.

Sayne, sign.

Seker, sure.

Semely, comely, fair.

Sithe, since.

Shende, to kill, to hurt, to defame.

Snell, quick, nimble.

Sprente, sprung out.

Stede, place, country.

Stevyn, voice.

Stound, a short time, a season a while.

Stryffe, violent, terrible, fierce.

Swenys, visions.

Swithe, quickly.

Syghe, saw.

Te, go, draw towards.

Telde, lodged; also a tent.

Tene, to grieve.

Thede, land, country.

Throo, troubled; also violent.

Tite, soon, quickly.

Trowyd, believed.

Twight, drew hastily.

Under-tyme, the third hour, nine o'clock.

Unneth, scarcely, unless.

Unsaught, unsaved, one who had lost his wits.

Wederes, weather of different sorts.

Wele, welfare, prosperity.

Weld, to wield.

Wende, thought.

Wepen, weapon.

Wenystou, thinkest thou?

Wete, know.

Wis, shew, take.

Wiseliche, wisely.

Wond, wait, stay, refused.

Wonyd, lived, dwelt.
Worth, to climb, to mount, to go.
Worthe, what, wrath, was.
Wote, to know.
Wrake, revenged ; also mischief.
Wylke, evil.
Wyte, to blame.
Wyttesly, utterly, certainly.

Yare, ready, quickly, speedily.
Yede, went.
Ylke, same.
Yre, iron.
Yzen, eyes.
Zendyr, vide Endris.

LONDON:

FROM THE *Shakspeare Press*, BY
WILLIAM BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW,
ST. JAMES'S.

1819.

